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Ramparts

Volume 13, No. 4 November 1974

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Letters

[FREE PUERTO RICO]

Editors:

On October 27, 1974, 20,000 people of all races and nationalities will gather at Madison Square Garden in New York to support the Puerto Rican people's struggle for independence from the United States.

In a period where world attention is being focused on the U.S. government's colonialist role in Puerto Rico—as expressed by the December 1973 UN General Assembly's resolution supporting the independence of the island—the firm and massive rejection by the people of this country of that illegal and immoral occupation becomes crucial. The millions of people who opposed this policy in Vietnam must again be mobilized and their ranks must grow to assure that our voices join the voices of the world in denouncing U.S. colonialism in Puerto Rico.

If you agree about the importance of our activity, we ask you to give it your financial support and become a sponsor of the Puerto Rican Solidarity Day Committee. We are asking each sponsor to make a minimal contribution of $10.00 which will be used to defray the cost—$85,000—of the solidarity campaign. Any contribution will, of course, be enormously appreciated.

David Dellinger
The Puerto Rican
Solidarity Day
Committee
New York, N.Y.

[A SALUTE]

Editors:

So the bleeding-heart liberals have finally driven my President from office. I represent the Oklahoma State Penitentiary chapter of PRISONERS IN SOLID SUPPORT OF NIXON and I would like to say that we are deeply saddened by our Chief's demise. We may be convicts but we are also good Americans who believe deeply in the free enterprise system. Convicts all over America have rallied to the support of our Leader since the details of Watergate were made public. We were shocked and outraged when so many of Mr. Nixon's trusted accomplices blew the whistle on him at the first sign of trouble. The ex-President earned the respect and admiration of convicts from all walks of life when he adamantly and steadfastly refused to admit to anything in spite of the overwhelming alleged evidence against him. From his heart-rending "Checkers Speech" to his latest public denial, Mr. Nixon has long served as a conspiring example of what we convicts call "hanging tough." How many of us here at OSP wish our fall partners had been as jam-up as Mr. Nixon?

It is indeed unfortunate that a great American should be maligned simply because he likes to make money. Isn't making money a right that God grants equally to *all* Americans? No less a personage than John D. Rockefeller stated for the public record that "God gave me my money." Can any of you imagine how really embarrassing it would be to have an indigent President?

Mr. Nixon worked hard all his life, his soul burning with one driving ambition: to become a millionaire. And what other avenues are available for a mediocre man in this day and age to become a millionaire *except* to become President of the United States. So hang tough, Mr. Nixon, wherever you are, and know that you are our kind of guy. PISSON salutes you!

Robert H. Wilson
McAlester, Okla.

[NEW AMERICAN MOVEMENT]

Editors:

Having been associated with many of the great social movements of the early and mid-Sixties and witness to the demise of those movements in the late Sixties, I read with great interest David Horowitz's "perspective" [*Ramparts*, September '74]. I find myself in basic agreement with the Horowitz critique of Oglesby; however, he is incorrect when he says that today there is no aboveground mass organization around which to rally socialist forces. Such a democratically controlled socialist organization exists in the form of the New American Movement, headquartered in Minneapolis.

NAM was formed three years ago primarily from the small number of long-time activists who refused to follow the infantile leftism that marked SDS's terminal years. Since that time, NAM has grown to have 41 chapters in 30 cities, and today it represents a significant portion of the organized American socialist Left. . . . Ramparts readers who are interested in obtaining information about NAM should contact New American Movement, 2421 E. Franklin Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn. 55406.

Bob Nelson
Pittsburgh, Penn.

[SLA—THE LAST DEBATE]

Editors:

The recent exchange on the SLA between the Editors and Stew Alpert [*Ramparts*, August 1974] was quite disheartening. Not only has the Movement declined but so too has the quality and style of political discourse.

Stew, who critically supports the SLA, should have distinguished between opponents of the SLA who are present advocates of peaceful transition and those who affirm the ultimate necessity of armed struggle in the U.S. but think the objective situation at the present time does not warrant this type of activity. Stew then could have followed

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with a political analysis of why he believes in the efficacy of armed struggle now and why the SLA in particular deserves support for its attempt to implement such a policy—all of which he failed to do.

The Editors, on the other hand, have chosen a style of criticism that partakes of personal slander and the distortion of past history. This is hardly in the best tradition of *Ramparts:* for the sake of the personalities involved, the integrity of the magazine, and the truth—the Left's strongest weapon—the record shoul be clarified and set straight.

1) Eldridge Cleaver was a genuine editor of *Ramparts* and an important ideological influence on the publication. Principled criticism would have acknowledged this fact and not have made believe that Eldridge's role was a fantasy of those who romanticize violence. Publications like *Ramparts* as well as certain well-known individuals, such as Bobby Seale, Bernadine Dohrn, Tom Hayden, George Jackson, all contributed in varying degrees to the ideology that helped create and motivate the SLA. It's perfectly appropriate for people to change their minds, but not to distort their past nor to take a morally superior stance to that which they themselves contributed.

2) The posture that the Panther 21 should have taken toward their trial is hardly the simplistic issue the Editors make it out to be. Sometimes those who have refused to stand trial have gained by it. If the Weather Underground had stood trial in 1969 and 1970 in Chicago and Detroit, respectively, they may well have been found guilty and gone to jail. Instead, they went underground, and while underground in the past year most of the significant charges have been dropped on legal technicalities. Revolutions faced with persecution by the State, as in the case of the BLA, SLA, Weather Underground, Black Panthers, etc., keep their options open, knowing that decisions on these matters are never cut and dried. The arrogance of the Editors toward those Panthers who went into exile in Algeria is based on the easy wisdom of hindsight and hardly stems from any position that *Ramparts* took at the time.

3) Since the New Morning statement on up to the recent 150-page political analysis in *Prairie Fire,* the Weather Underground has argued for a *praxis* which incorporates an armed-struggle-now position with aboveground, mass, legal political activity. If anything, the more recent emphasis has been on the latter, with the Weather Underground limiting itself to acts of symbolic violence against the State and major corporate institutions. The Editors have falsified the Weather Underground's position by equating it with a one-sided emphasis on armed struggle.

4) As for the shoot-out in Los Angeles leading to the death of six members of the SLA, it is appropriate to call it murder as Stew does, not because the SLA was not armed and willing to use their weapons, nor because the SLA did not know the odds, but because the six were completely trapped and surrounded by a real army and could have been taken by a variety of nonlethal methods. Liberal journalists, such as Pete Hamill, with no political sympathy for the SLA, have understood this point and called the SLA's ghoulish incineration murder. Why cannot the editorial board of *Ramparts* see that?

5) The Editors state that illegal revolutionary activity at this time is counterproductive because, as in the case of the SLA, it sets "up the Left for further police actions and even assassinations." And the Editors ask: "How many of the underground guerrilla groups now forming are part of the police network, do you think?" With all the assassinations that have already taken place—Malcolm X, Fred Hampton, George Jackson, Martin Luther King, Jr.—it's obvious that reactionary forces will try to effectively silence those on the Left they deem to be a substantial threat, whether or not revolutionary underground organizations exist. As for police, they will attempt to infiltrate, divide, confuse, and destroy not only revolutionary underground organizations but all Left aboveground organizations, such as NAM, VVAW, SWP, CP, PL, RU, Peace and Freedom, the present-day Black Panther Party, etc. The only way for *all* sections of the Left to counter police infiltration and "dirty tricks" is to build an effective security apparatus into their respective organizations. Those who fail to act audaciously for fear of police infiltration will never act at all.

6) It ill behooves the Editors to accuse a committed and battle-scarred revolutionary such as Stew Alpert of being an "armchair terrorist" or someone who engages in "murder-mouthing." In a recent article in the *Berkeley Barb,* Stew affirms the distinction between underground and aboveground work. An individual who seeks to clarify and critically support from aboveground the activity of underground revolutionaries is engaging in politically appropriate behavior and should not be slandered. One does not have to participate in underground activities in order to see their necessity and to give them principled support.

Finally, let us recognize that the SLA, BLA, Weather Underground and others deserve more respect than the vindictive and simplistic rhetoric that passes for analysis that so far has characterized the bulk of Left criticism of these groups. These groups should be subjected to forthright and comradely criticism, but it must be carried out in a scrupulously principled manner, since the lives of many selfless and dedicated human beings are at stake. The Left, therefore, should exercise the power that it has to influence public opinion on matters pertaining to the underground with the greatest degree of humility and with the desire to protect the lives of those so willing to sacrifice themselves on behalf of others for matters of conscience.

Harold Jacobs
New Paltz, N.Y.

We regret that our response to Stew Albert's emotional attack has been misinterpreted as personal slander and distorted history. Our disagreement is one of principle and not personalities. It is not true that we took a morally superior stance to our past: we acknowledged our role in lending support to a political position which even in 1968 and 1969 was more rhetoric than reality and which in 1974 we hold to be counter-productive and dangerous. Eldridge Cleaver was indeed a genuine editor of Ramparts *but he did not play an active role in managing the magazine or setting its policy, which is what we intended to convey by the parenthetical aside. (It should be noted that none of the present editors was in a position of authority at the magazine in those days, and the reference was made merely for the historical record.)*

The "easy wisdom of hindsight" was exactly what we were trying to invoke in reference to the Panther 21 trial. "Some people learn from experience," we said to Stew, "Why haven't you?"

It was not we who identified the Weather Underground's position with a one-sided emphasis on armed struggle in the style of the SLA. The equation was made by Bernardine Dohrn's endorsement of the SLA, whose program was clearly military, with political elements thrown in for tactical effects.

Since the SLA was armed and had formally declared "war" on the state, it is hard for us to see how the use of the term "murder" to describe their end doesn't detract from the courage of their final act and undermine the appeal in behalf of other victims and opponents of the system who have been in fact murdered. Pete Hamill notwithstanding, we'll stick with our judgment.

We did not write anything to the effect that "illegal revolutionary activity at this time is counterproductive." The SLA's activity was *counterproductive but it was not revolutionary. It consisted of noisy terroristic threats, projecting an image of revolutionaries as executioners; it made a mockery of the notions of revolutionary courts and tribunals; in short it discredited revolutionaries and the left generally in the eyes of the large uncommitted mass by behaving* criminally, *and not merely in the sense of that term established by the ruling class.*

We stand by the term "murder mouthing." If Stew is not prepared to pick up the gun, now, *and die suicidally like the SLA, then he should not preach the revolutionary wisdom of the SLA's path. Stew and Bernardine endorse the correctness of the SLA course. That course is suicidal. Bernardine knows it is suicidal (and therefore avoids it in practice); Stew knows it is suicidal, and therefore avoids it also. To advocate that course, to identify it with what it is to be revolutionary, is to encourage political naifs, like the SLA cadre, to go out and get themselves killed. And that is murder mouthing.*

D.H.

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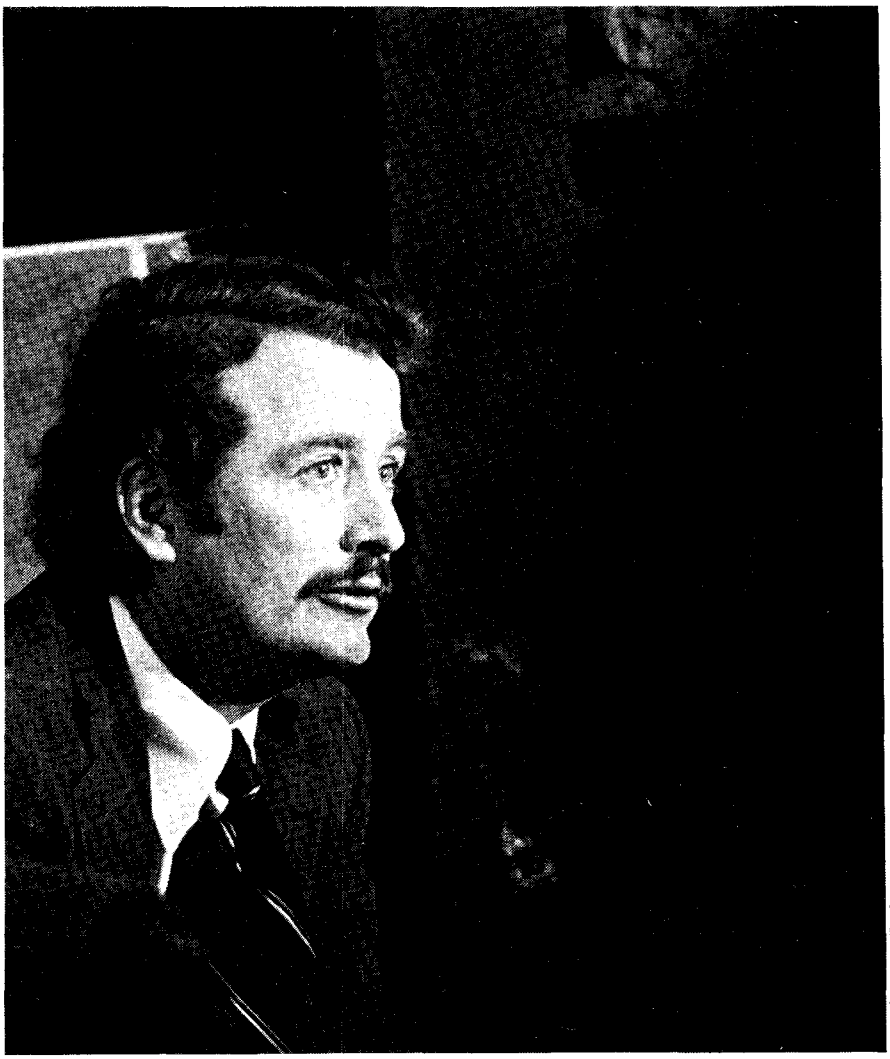

Brattleboro Reformer

A Conspirator in Vermont

by Andrew Kopkind

Despite the comparisons, the Seventies are not simply the Fifties distantly replayed. Marx, after all, was right: history repeats itself, but as farce following tragedy; and the grim moments of the post-World War II period reappear post-Vietnam in more antic moods. The play in point this time hit the boards this summer in Vermont, where the appointment of John Froines (one-eighth of the original Chicago Conspiracy) to a state Health Department job seemed to foreshadow a rerun of McCarthyism against the radicals of the last decade. But after a few brief scenes, the expected conclusion was scrapped: Froines held his job, the Red Menace was exploded, and the red baiters were hissed off the set.

After his acquittal in Chicago Froines had gone to Vermont to become a chemistry professor, and later department chairman, at Goddard College, once a seedbed of frenetic radicalism in a corner of the Green Mountains. Goddard had supplied the world with more than its share of Weatherpeople, media freaks, and radical feminists before it began cooling with the rest of collegiate America. To some Vermonters it still represents an alien hybrid amidst the native corn, but to the Goddard population itself, life has definitely decelerated. So much so, in fact, that Froines (who, like all the Conspirators, is getting on in years: he is 35) began looking for an alternative to the simple professorial life.

Vermont has been steadily developing a political infrastructure of organizations, institutions, and quiet cabals made up of holdovers and drop-aways from the New Left of the last decade. Some, but not all, of the re-greening of Vermont goes on in the central part of the state, between Plainfield (Goddard's town), Montpelier (the tiny capital), and Burlington, the largest city. There is an active Naderite group, a coalition of consumer and environmentalist interests called the Vermont Alliance, a strong anti-utilities lobby, a determined left-liberal third political party, and an action faction of radic-libs within the Democratic Party. Without much investigation, Froines knew he had a number of bases for professional and political work in his own backyard.

More than that, the pressures applied by the newer progressive populations had combined with the reserves of yeoman populism in Vermont to make state government more reformist than most rural states, and altogether enlightened in some areas. Republicans and Democrats in office have vied with each other to enact strict land-use controls, environmental benefits and public services—many of them considerably beyond the population's means to pay. For instance, Vermont has half the population of neighboring New Hampshire, and almost twice the annual budget. Vermont is the "most rural" of all the 50 states, it ranks 48th in "standard of living"—and Vermonters pay the highest taxes, all told, in the country. So there are opportunities—despite the obvious contradictions—for reasonably rewarding work for an aging New Leftist in the state bureaucracy as well as in private political lobbies.

With such resources before him, Froines one day had a chat with a 33-year-old physician and medical administrator named Anthony Robbins who heads the state's Department of Health. Froines thought he might do some consulting (he has a doctorate in chemistry) for the department, but Robbins had other ideas. The important job of director of occupational health was opening up: the incumbent was retiring and the position was about to be redesigned to include the federal-state Occupational Safety and Health Act operations.

"OSHA" is not much in the news, but to business people—and reformers—it looms as an important means of

John Froines, Vermont's director of occupational health

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"There has been a tremendous transformation since the Sixties. We're seeing the effect of it here. A lot of people—not just liberals—won't go along with McCarthyism. They're willing to judge me on performance, to give me a chance."

governmental supervision and control of the "private sector." For example, state agents can police nuclear power plants for radioactive emissions; they can issue legal citations to owners of workplaces that do not meet the safety standards for employees set by federal and state guidelines; and they can inspect businesses all over the state whenever they feel like it. Vermont has little heavy industry, but there is a long history of hazards in the granite quarries. (Upton Sinclair and the muckrakers of his generation visited Barre and fomented quarry rebellions like the stockyard struggles in Chicago.) And perhaps most important of all, Vermont has a brand new and highly controversial nuclear generating plant on the Connecticut River. The state occupational health director would be responsible for monitoring that plant, inspecting the quarries, and could—if the spirit moved—nose into any workplace from the Massachusetts border to the Quebec frontier. Robbins thought that Froines would be the perfect choice for the job.

Robbins sent Froines an application form, which was promptly completed and returned, and Froines, along with several bureaucrats already in the Health Department, presented himself for a civil service rating. Froines received a high score, although not the highest (there was no actual examination; points were assigned on the basis of credentials, experience, management ability and other ineffables). The departing incumbent thought Froines was one of the best qualified for the job, and one day Robbins selected Froines as the new director.

It was a day, however, when Gov. Thomas Salmon happened to be on vacation. It was also a day when Robbins forgot to check Froines's appointment with Robbins's boss, Human Services Director Thomas Davis. The omissions, of course, were hardly accidental. Governor Salmon, a liberal Democrat with a deep dislike of Sixties radicals, is up for reelection this year and would never have approved of the Chicago Conspirator's appointment in advance. Tom Davis, the son of a former Republican governor, would not have dreamed of approving Froines without Salmon's consent. But there was no law which said that Robbins could not choose his own deputy without clearing it with the governor.

["WHO HIRED FROINES?"]

But law and politics are different matters, and within hours after Froines's appointment was announced, the first ripples of criticism were felt. Human Services Director Davis immediately put a "hold" on the appointment, then approved it a day later. He said he found Froines "eminently qualified for this position," and noted that the state held to a nondiscrimination hiring policy on the basis of "race, sex, politics, national origin or religion."

Salmon returned from his vacation in no such a nondiscriminatory mood. In his absence, the Republican Speaker of the House of Representatives, Walter ("Peanut") Kennedy, had hit upon the Froines case as an available issue in the unusually dull primary campaign in which he was a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. Immediately upon his return to the capital, Salmon held a press conference during which—according to all published accounts—he flew into a "rage" and called Froines's appointment "bad-B-A-D bad!" He said that Froines had gone to Hanoi (untrue, but conceivable), and declared that the civil service merit system "should not apply to people with heavy political activist backgrounds . . . unless they reform," and ordered an "investigation" of Froines and who hired him.

Who hired Froines? The question, of course, recalled the famous McCarthy question of who hired Peress? In the current case the answer was reasonably simple: Tony Robbins is a mild-mannered doctor-bureaucrat who went to Yale (at the same time Froines was there as a graduate student, although the two were not close friends); hung around the periphery of some movement activities in the mid-Sixties; and settled on Vermont as a good place for a start in the promising field of medical administration. Vermont, after all, is an exceedingly attractive place to live and work; more than that, it has of late become something of a stepping stone for well-credentialed young professionals on the way up in the "glamor" markets of government: health, education, environment. Many of the progressive professionals in good jobs are newcomers to Vermont; most of them have academic credentials that are hard to find in the state. And a lot of them leave for higher rungs on the career ladders in Massachusetts, New York—or Washington—after a suitable period of experience in Montpelier.

"In a sense, the attack on Froines and Robbins was entirely justified—from the perspective of a Vermont farmer or working person," observed one former New Left activists who has been following the case. "What comes out here as red-baiting and xenophobia has a lot of legitimate class anger underneath it. Vermont has a history of control from the outside—either from outside economic interests that own the state or from smart urban intellectuals who think they know what's good for the local folk."

In fact, some of the most "progressive" programs of the last several years have turned out to be oppressive to many native Vermonters. The heralded land-use law—which strictly controls the size of a parcel of land on which a structure can be built—has benefited the biggest developers of high-priced houses and has made it difficult for poor people to build a home. Times are hard and Vermonters are poor; 60 percent of the housing starts in the state last year were for "mobile homes," and because the developers and the wealthy exurbanites want to

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Times Argus

Governor Salmon of Vermont

keep Vermont postcard-quaint, the trailers are being crowded in ghettoes away from the roads and towns in one or another boondock valley. Or take the well-intentioned "bottle law," which is meant to discourage littering and encourage recycling by putting a mandatory deposit of a nickel on all beer and soft drink bottles and cans. The law now puts all the burden for collection, cleaning, storage, and payment on the consumers and the country-store owners, while the big out-of-state distributors make bigger profits.

Perhaps the locus of the attacks on Froines was in that class anger; but the expressions of it on the official level were clearly a question of pure politics. For his part, Salmon acted the injured liberal, foiled again by the machinations of the Left. "The rare explosions from the Governor's office are politically motivated" and always against "radicals," wrote Steve Carlson of the *Burlington Free Press,* one of the best reporters in the state. "But . . . when Salmon is attacked by his major political opponents–the Republicans–his typical response is to smile and say 'it's a free country.' "

Salmon's anger at Froines (according to a prevalent theory in Montpelier) may stem from Chicago in the summer of '68, when Salmon was a McGovern delegate to the Democratic convention and Froines and the other Conspirators were doing whatever they were acquitted of in the streets outside the convention hotels. Salmon and his McGovernite friends in the Vermont Democratic Party still believe that Froines, et al. "gave" the election to Nixon that year. They will not don the streetfighters.

The Republican critics of the Froines appointment had an easier row to hoe–or so it seemed at the start. But the lines began going askew when "Peanut" Kennedy's campaign manager, a Maine import named Alex Ray, baited more reds than he could chew. While "Peanut" (his sobriquet is universal; Kennedy uses it himself) was off in California in August, Ray put out a press release accusing Salmon of hiring "radical activists with communist ties . . . to key positions in state government." Besides Froines, the release named Lee Webb, another Goddard teacher who had been a national secretary of SDS in the early Sixties, and later a community organizer and writer for *The Guardian.* Webb was appointed by Salmon during the energy crisis last winter to serve on the Governor's Commission on Electrical Energy.

What was peculiar about the whole business was that "Peanut" Kennedy was vice-chairman of the Energy Commission, and previously had nothing but kind words for Webb, with whom he had worked amiably for nine months. And indeed, when Kennedy returned from California he felt constrained to apologize to Webb and to Salmon, and called the release "an unfair, unnecessary and unwarranted attack." He said Webb was "a good friend."

Ray had collected the material on Webb from the dossiers of Manchester, N.H., publisher William Loeb, the nation's leading anticommunist crusader, who also owns Vermont's only Sunday newspaper, as well as a daily in the town of St. Albans. Ray, who also has a reputation as a right winger in Maine and Rhode Island, was nonplussed by the affair, and insisted that "Peanut" Kennedy had authorized the smear in the first place. Ray was in his office in the basement of a Montpelier hotel across from the State House when I asked him why he was so upset about Froines.

"Froines wasn't a kid when he was involved in this stuff," he began affably. "It wasn't only the Chicago Seven, but the Black Panthers and all that. He isn't in the mainstream of Vermont life or American life. He and 'Hanoi Jane' Fonda–they went to Versailles for a big anti-Vietnam conference with communists from all over the world."

Ray pulled out a copy of Jerry Rubin's book, *Do It!,* and asked me to look at a picture of about two dozen people in the nude. One of them was standing on his head. "Isn't that Froines?" Ray asked, not quite sure whether to run with this one or not. I looked closely but said I couldn't be sure; I had never seen John Froines naked standing on his head.

On the wall by the side of Ray's desk was a blow-up picture of the head-standing nude (identification was still difficult), an old anti-freak cartoon showing two long-hairs talking about welfare, and a crudely drawn "poster" calling to "Free the Montpelier Seven." They included Froines, Webb, Salmon, Robbins, one of Salmon's aides and two men associated with the Bottle Law and environmental control.

"I don't know where that came from," Alex Ray said ingenuously. "Someone just dropped it by. You know," he protested, finally feeling defensive about the whole thing, "I'm not a Joe McCarthy. I'm hired to win elections. I'm just a hired gun."

["MISTAKEN IDENTITY"]

If there was a strong anticommunist or xenophobic tide in Vermont it never surfaced in the matter of John Froines. Although the affair was far and away the *cause célèbre* of the summer season in Vermont, calls for Froines's head brought little response. Indeed, the opposite seemed to happen: "It's really quite embarrassing," Froines told me one day late in the summer. "Everyone is being so friendly. I must be doing something wrong."

That, of course, remains one of the outstanding questions. For the moment, most of Vermont's major newspapers and moderate politicians in both parties ran away from the taint McCarthyism. So much so, in fact, that Salmon was isolated on the furthest extremes of the red-baiting Right.

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Small-town weekly papers came to Froines's defense—or at least to the defense of the "issue" of non-political qualifications in civil service employment. The *Brattleboro Daily Reformer* hammered away: "The right to hold any political belief without fear of persecution, or even fear of unemployment, is a right that all Americans almost lost in recent years. But the 'good men in the woodwork' are beginning to emerge—at last."

The *coup de grace* came when Roger Wilkins—a former Johnson administration civil rights official who is now on the editorial board of the *New York Times,* and who testified for the Chicago Conspiracy defense in Chicago—editorialized (anonymously) in the *Times* against Salmon's performance, and allowed as how he detected the whiff of McCarthyism from someone who should know better. Salmon was appalled. He told Tom Davis that he was trapped in the Froines affair and that the *Times* editorial had destroyed his "national image" so carefully nurtured. Why, *Time* magazine had even named him as one of the nation's 200 outstanding young leaders. Now he was all washed-up. Davis told friends that the governor was almost in tears at his own bad luck.

At length, Salmon's "investigation" of the Froines appointment disclosed the unsurprising news that all had been in order—except that Robbins had failed to notify his superior, Tom Davis, of his choice at the proper time. No matter; Salmon had already decided that he had to stand firmly with Froines, and in a September press conference that contrasted sharply with his earlier freakout, Salmon suavely apologized to Froines and Robbins:

"My unfortunate choice of words . . . may have contributed to the emotionalism surrounding this controversy. And this, I truly regret," Salmon said. "Democracy relies on the opinions of all the people, and not just those in public office. To silence anyone from expressing his views is more dangerous to a free society than the views themselves." Salmon said he would only reprimand, but not fire, Health Commissioner Robbins (as he had once threatened to do), and that he would not make "politics" a test for confirming Froines in his job after a mandatory six-month "probation."

Although it's clear that in this one-state test at least, there is no mass support for baiting Sixties movement activists as they move into government, it is not quite so obvious what someone like Froines can bring to a bureaucratic role that an ordinary liberal careerist would not contribute—with far less controversy. During the period of "investigation," which took up most of August, Froines seemed to give up some of his powers in conciliatory gestures to those whose support he thought he needed. He told a state Health Board meeting that he would shy away from the Vermont Yankee nuclear power plant. He also said he would hire inspectors to seek "voluntary" compliance with health and safety standards instead of the compulsory compliance mandated under federal law: a process something like using meter maids to seek voluntary compliance with no-parking rules rather than issue tickets.

On close inspection, Froines was not really giving up much more than he had. State law requires a voluntary compliance officer, and keeps him fairly well shielded from challenging nuclear installations as well as granite mines. But Froines' sincere attempt to compromise with his opponents gave observers—and the observed—the feeling that he would not be the activists regulator his reputation indicated.

In one sense, Froines was indeed damaged by his well-meaning liberal supporters who kept on insisting—wrongly—that he had nary a radical bone in his body and that the Chicago Conspiracy was a case of mistaken identity or some such aberration of the law. Friendly interviewers kept quoting him as saying the extent of his radicalism was nothing more than an antiwar position a bit earlier than Hubert Humphrey's; one headline over a Froines interview proclaimed, "I've Never Broken Any Law in My Life." Even Lee Webb was sucked into the game when he was quoted as protesting: yes, he had been a reporter for *The Guardian,* but he had quit when it had espoused a Marxist-Leninist line—a fact which has some vague resemblance to fact but without the important nuances about late-Sixties Left sectarianism that would make such a statement sound less like a red convert confessing to the committee.

Some of Froines's allies in Vermont's "new politics" believe he should have worked with one or another of the private progressive organizations—the Alliance, Vermont PIRG (the Nader outfit), Vermonters for Fair Utility Rates, the Liberty Union Party, or the left caucus of the Democrats. Apart from rhetorical considerations of "selling out" by joining an existing state government, Froines may be seriously boxed in by his own survival compromises and his spotlighted position now that the first rounds of the fight are over. Long before the Froines affair, the state legislature had planned to move responsibility for occupational health and safety from the Health to the Labor Department; now such a move is virtually a certainty. Froines could easily lose his job in the process.

More than that, Froines knows that he is constrained by state politics and administrative bureaucracy—not to mention by the history of his appointment—and cannot take ideological positions. He might make the "right" decision in an individual case or take the liberal stand on a particular issue; but he must never say that he might be—or seem as if he were—a socialist, a radical, or a political ideologue.

At the end, Froines is caught in a peculiar historical paradox. He got his job—and has so far saved it—because there is still a Left in America legitimate enough to withstand tentative forays of McCarthyism. "There has been a tremendous transformation since the Sixties," he mused one day a few weeks ago in Montpelier. "We're seeing the effect of it here. A lot of people—not just liberals—won't go along with McCarthyism. They're willing to judge me on performance, to 'give me a chance.' "

But it still isn't possible for a radical in government to come out of the closet and integrate political ideology with practical work. The bind will certainly become more acute as more and more Sixties activists drift into governmental or corporate administrative jobs—in those "glamor" fields, such as health and environment and education, where Froines found both the limitations and achievements in the legacy of a movement he helped build.

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Chicago Tribune

Blacks for Wallace

When Johnny Ford, the black mayor of Tuskegee, Alabama, endorsed celebrated racist George Wallace for re-election as governor, he was assailed nationally by blacks who automatically interpreted his endorsement as a sell-out. But while public criticism accelerated and Ford tried to defend his endorsement as pragmatic politics, Tuskegee officials swarmed into the Alabama Development Office, the money conduit of the state government, as Ray Jenkins reported in the *New Republic*, "like boll weevils attacking a cotton patch."

For Ford watchers the Wallace endorsement was not surprising. A man of disarming candor and cool pragmatism, he had established himself as a practical politician when he supported Richard Nixon in 1972. Moreover, he was not alone in this seemingly bizarre political development. Other southern black political leaders like Charles Evers have recently thrown their support to Wallace. To understand the origins of this strange alliance between black politicians and the symbol of white supremacy in American politics, it is instructive to listen to Norman Jones, perhaps the only black politician to support Wallace as far back as 1968. Jones, a Florida maverick of the Booker T. Washington tradition, has campaigned for Presidential Candidate Wallace since 1968. A crude and heavy-handed operator, he has attacked other blacks for not joining the Wallace bandwagon because, as he believes, the liberals are worthless and their promises bankrupt. Wallace will "give blacks a piece of the action and it can't be taken away from them," he insists.

Referring to Jones and conceding that he could not understand a black supporting Wallace in 1968, Ford defends his present endorsement with unyielding vigor. He says that working with Wallace as mayor of Tuskegee has been an experience of "meaningfulness, fairness, and judiciousness." Asked for a practical translation of his campaign rhetoric, Ford responded, "It has resulted in Tuskegee receiving its fair share of resources based upon our needs. I feel that for too long that Alabama as a state has not gotten its fair share of resources from the federal government, as well as its share of private enterprise and commercial development." With the national recognition which Wallace now commands, Ford insists, Alabama will be assured "at least its fair share."

Already Tuskegee, at least, is getting its "fair share"; recently Wallace announced plans to build a $25 million oil refinery there. Ford says the project will ultimately cost $243 million, employing 3,000 during construction, and a permanent staff of 260. With an annual operating budget of $16 million, accompanied by an annual payroll of $3.3 million, Ford predicts a bright future for Tuskegee. And a bright future, indeed, it will be for black-owned Wallace & Wallace Chemical & Oil Corporation, which received the $25 million contract to build the refinery.

In this context, black support for Wallace seems to be paying off. At the same time, between 15 and 20 percent of blacks in Alabama voted for Wallace during the May primary, but Ford does not mention their pay-off. The crucial question of why these black voters are supporting Wallace is difficult to answer. It is certain, however, that the absence of an organized political movement in the South has forced many blacks into thinking in terms of short-range solutions to the problems of employment, housing, and basic survival. Wallace's Democratic rivals failed to develop any real momentum, and Republican opposition in Alabama is token. Thus it was almost certain that Wallace would once again be governor of Alabama, and presumably many black politicians did not want to give him a "legitimate" excuse to close them out of the picture.

But despite the surprising percentage of black votes for Wallace, most black voters simply refuse to support Wallace no matter what pragmatic reasons may be offered. Elected mayor by a diverse assortment of blacks, young people, students, and veteran progressives, Ford admits that his constituency has "mixed reactions" to his support of Wallace. Nor does he expect that majority of black voters ever to support Wallace. But Ford dismisses these reactions as an inability to grasp the difference between idealism and political strategy, which he regards as essential to Tuskegee's survival.

Whether Ford will be able to maintain the support of his constituency is uncertain. Speaking before the annual NAACP convention, Rev. Stephen Spottswood, chairman of the board,

Norman Jones, chairman of National Black Citizens' Committee for Wallace

by Charles Fulwood

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rejected the idea that southern segregationist politicians had experienced a change of heart and could be trusted in their efforts to stroke the egos and fill the pocketbooks of black voters. "Let us be aware," he stated, "of the governor who stood in the school house door. Can the leopard change its spots? Let us now stand in the White House door and block his way with our ballots, regardless of whom his running mate is."

In a letter to *Jet* magazine, Ford agreed that blacks should not forget Wallace's stand on segregation 10 years ago. "Some of us must concentrate on the past. However, some of us must also concentrate on the future. I personally prefer to concentrate on the future of trying to make Alabama and Tuskegee the kind of place where our children will be able to work and live together in peace and harmony." On the one hand, Ford insists that his endorsement of Wallace is purely pragmatic, intended to gain benefits for his city in exchange for political support. On the other, however, he implies that by supporting Wallace he is working for a future of "peace and harmony" among all Alabamians. Ford refuses to acknowledge that Wallace enjoys the support of racists throughout middle America, and that he has become the powerful political figure he is today by being a mouthpiece for racist frustrations and intolerance.

Whether the slippery course black politicians like Ford are now taking will ultimately benefit them—let alone their black constituents—is far from certain. Many blacks consider Ford and others like him to represent a dangerous and morally bankrupt accommodationism. Many take the viewpoint that such politicians are no different than the white liberals who plastered the issues with nice rhetoric, delivering little more than alliances with conservatives. And without the support of their black constituencies, such pragmatic politicians will lose the only legs they have to stand on. The result will be the spread of apathy among black voters and the loss of the very power bases within local and state governments on which operators like Johnny Ford depend. The old southern conservatives could then mobilize their machines

Wide World

Tuskegee Mayor Johnny Ford

and regain control of lost political territory. Meanwhile, George Wallace will have black "support" in his pocket, to increase his credibility in the national arena.

In sum, while black pragmatists like Ford are trying to tackle problems with short-range solutions, Wallace and others like him are compromising with blacks for long range objectives. Although it may appear on the surface that Wallace is ready to play fair game with black voters, it is ludicrous to assume that he would repudiate his fundamental stand on social and political issues at the risk of losing his more important base, which is among conservative and racist elements.

In a recent interview, John Lewis, former chairman of SNCC and now director of the Voter Education Project in Atlanta, expressed his concern. "We must never forget the past," he said. "We must never forget that during the early administration of Governor Wallace, black people suffered a great deal under segregation and officially sanctioned violence. We must never forget that in 1965 Wallace was the one who ordered the Alabama State Troopers and Sheriff Clark in the streets to prevent the long civil rights march. Nothing justifies the political support of George Wallace. There can be no compromise of the principle. Black people had hope that black elected officials would inject a sense of ethics and morality into government, and this cannot be compromised."

But a kind of crackpot realism has momentarily gained center stage for some of the South's leading black politicians. Their constituencies are political minorities who lack money and influence. This puts enormous pressure on the black politician to compromise and make deals with adversaries who control needed resources. Not all black officials are supporting Wallace. But the fact that a substantial number are considering this self-defeating strategy as a device for attaining benefits for black people indicates the weight of their dilemma and the degree to which they have succumbed to the pressures of the political situation in a period of national political retreat on questions affecting black welfare.

Reacting to the 20 percent black vote for Wallace, Professor C. G. Gomillion, retired from Tuskegee Institute, said, "Back in the Sixties I was telling people that if you'd just give us 10 years, we would prove that blacks would reach a level of political responsibility. Apparently, our educational program has not been effective as we had hoped it would be." But black voters are no more politically ignorant than white voters. American voters in general are thoroughly confused and have lost basic confidence in politicians. Matters were made worse during the Wallace campaign with much of the black leadership either endorsing him or failing to furnish alternative political direction.

Black officials are trying to deal with available choice to muster a few benefits for blacks from the political process. But they themselves are confused and overwhelmed by the complexity and power of American politics. In their allegiance to social progress, the most basic of principles have been compromised. The consequences of this political dilemma can already be felt in the serious crisis which exists between the black politician and his constituency. The situation is a gloomy one, and though all have their specific game plans to lead the people to Mecca, the overall dust being kicked up on the campaign trail is utterly confusing. In the words of an elderly black man in Atlanta, "I hear them talking but they sho ain't saying a thing."

Charles Fulwood is a Florida-based black journalist, and a contributor to the Boston Phoenix.

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[Comment]

In Defense of Paranoia

"Watergate is not merely a 'scandal' or an 'accident,' but a battleground of a national struggle for power."

The following is the first part of Carl Oglesby's reply to articles in the August and September issues of RAMPARTS, *addressing themselves to articles that Oglesby had written in other publications. The first of these, by Steve Weissman, dealt with the Yankee-Cowboy interpretation of the American power structure, and of Watergate, a theory which Oglesby has had a major role in originating and articulating. The second dealt with the prospect of fascism and the response of the radical left. Oglesby's response and a rejoinder by the author, David Horowitz, will appear in a future issue of* RAMPARTS. *We would like to take this opportunity to note that it was not our intention to single Carl Oglesby out for attack; but the fact that he is an articulate and insightful theorizer on these subjects made the intellectual encounter natural and illuminating.*

Steve Weissman publishes his critique under the sign of Watergate, showing that he has heard the Yankee-Cowboy perspective offers an alternative interpretation of that, but apart from an I've-heard-it-all-a-thousand-times summary of Kirk Sale's *New York Review* piece, he never finds a place to say what he thinks the Yankee-Cowboy interpretation of Watergate actually is.

It is not simply that Nixon headed a regional coalition reflecting class relations in the productive economy. The theorists of the "emerging Republican majority" and "the Southern strategy" told us that. The Yankee-Cowboy theory helps make sense of current politics—not by putting all the emphasis on high-level intrigue, either, which would only seem dissociated and thus lunatic, but rather by putting the evidence of conspiratorial activity in a class-economic and historical perspective.

For example, Nixon's power came no more from his own person than it came from nothing. The Y-C theory tries to derive that force historically and class-economically, then tries to show how the activity of the classes (in Hughes' example, that of Western entrepreneurial capitalism) leads to the formation of power elites at several magnitude levels, and how all levels of elite activity can come to employ conspiratorial modes.

This is an explicit effort to remove the false and expensive intellectual barrier now separating those whose method wants to see the principles and forces from those who want to see the *agents* and *actions*. We should not think we have to choose between the class system, the elite, the conspiracy or the lone madman. The point of this visualization of politics is not to say which of these *exists* and which *does not exist*, or which is *actual and present* and which is only *paranoid delusion*. It is rather to say: how the one arises from the other; how the; smaller is merely a certain density of the larger; how they express each; other; how Liddy's face and Hunt's; face and Colson's face are all the faces of Nixon; how Nixon's face is that of; Lansky and Hughes and Rebozo and Abplanalp.

Weissman is also indifferent to the literary background on which the power-split thesis is raised. For example, he nowhere notes the influence of William Appleman Williams or Harry Elmer Barnes, and thus ignores the relevance of historians, including Beard and Turner as well. D. F. Fleming's study of the Cold War is rich in its suggestions of the themes of power-struggle analysis (e.g., the role of Texas in the Roosevelt wartime cabinet). There is Carroll Quigley's synoptic assessment of the Cold War and its roots in internal U.S. politics, *Tragedy and Hope*: a giant work well known to the right wing if not the left because of its detailed insider's story of the formation of "the Round Table groups" at the instance of Cecil Rhodes in the first decade of our century and how the Round Table, a secret organization of high-powered Anglophiles, even today makes its opinions felt through a worldwide array of front organizations like the Council on Foreign Relations here and the Institute for Strategic Studies in England.

None of this is noted in Weissman's treatment. For him, the Y-C analysis is an intellectually dissociated metaphor built up from a few scattered symmetries. On the contrary, the sense of a deep rift in American consciousness, the sense that this rift is visible in our styles of national unity as well as our style of disunity, the sense that somewhere at the bottom of "the American mind" there is the curious "fact" of the long-term Wilderness Frontier on one pole and of the binding power of Atlantic civilization on the other—this is a general conception that appears in American studies before V. L. Parrington and Perry Miller and will go on beyond Alan Heimert. It is too bad the way "sophisticated economic determinists" are so characteristically unfamiliar with this stream of ideas.

What I and others are trying to bring out of that literary tradition to the reading of current political contexts—the reading of Marxism itself—is a firmer grasp of the pervasiveness with which we Americans have been divided in fundamental respects, and not simply by class, race, and sex differences. Stages in the economic development of U.S. capital correspond to stages in the Westward movement of the Frontier Wilderness and the genocide of the savage, and take on the legal and moral spirit of Frontier develop-

by Carl Oglesby

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ment. The development is of course not only the development of the Savage('s) Wilderness, it is at the same time the development of the consciousness of the American forces of genocide development. Images of the Frontier and of the Atlantic define the span of that consciousness and reflect its internal structure.

Weissman would rather try to assimilate the patterns of this continental development to the largely ahistorical Marxism which knows only the criterion of the "corporate interlock" and which he flatters himself in puffing as "sophisticated." All he can get out of this "sophistication" is a so-called "normal competition" model, and that is so far from being able to illuminate the conflicts personified, say, in Nixon and Kennedy, or in the relationship over the decades between David Rockefeller of the East and Hughes of the West, or the climax of Watergate, that Weissman is forced almost to deny such conflicts exist.

[GETTING DOWN TO CASES]

Weissman's method is to admit basic examples, then to deny that what the examples exemplify actually exists, hence that they are not examples after all. At last he says that something else "more interesting [than a national power struggle] was really happening" in the surge of antiwar vibrations from the Eastern reaches of upper finance capital in the late 1960s, namely, "normal competition," a model which he doesn't even bother explaining, much less demonstrating on the evidence. How does Weissman explain the self-evident regionalism of American ideology?

Claiming that the Yankee-Cowboy "split in the ruling class is a mirage," Weissman nevertheless notes, but does not stop to explain some other way, a number of cases that I and others regard as forming part of the evidence for the hypothesis that there is such a split, and speculation that it is the ultimate source of Watergate. Among other things, Weissman mentions:

- The Nixon coalition of political forces represented by Rebozo, Connally, Smith, the Haldeman-Ehrlichman guard, etc.: i.e., the Bahamas, Miami Beach, Dallas, Houston, Orange County—the "sunbelt" which Weissman assures us has "never banded together to battle Wall Street" or "to dictate national policy." But then what did Nixon's "southern strategy" mean, if there are no significant regional discontinuities in U.S. politics? And how could the discontinuities exist if they had no basis in historical economy?
- An ideological polar coalition around Kennedy (of New England). Does the transverse tilt of the internal axis of the Cold War seem to Weissman nothing but mere contingency? Might the Kennedys as well come from South Dakota?
- The Common Cause-Business International, Inc., syndrome. Why does Weissman think so great a preponderance of doves and UN-style progressives circulates in northeastern waters? What do the southwesterly instincts of the hawk mean historically, politically, and economically to Weissman?
- Weissman also mentions the interplay between Texas and Massachusetts in the commotions around the lawyers of Watergate, such as Cox, Richardson, St. Clair, Bailey, Alch, Jaworski, Spector, and Wright. Weissman might also have mentioned the staffing of Nixon's Federal Energy Office and the sometimes ferocious push-pull of the politics of regional energy allocations. Why did Goldwater the politician say of New York that it might as well be sawed off and allowed to drift out to sea? In the tough part of the energy crisis, why did Texas and Louisiana bumper-stickers say—to New England—"Let 'em freeze!"? Why were my South Carolina cousins so uplifted by the deaths of the Kennedys and King?
- The Wall Street Peace Rally of October 1969. Granted, it was timorous beyond shame, yet it happened when it did not have to happen, and the task then becomes explaining it.
- The anti-Johnson, anti-Nixon activities of political agents long associated with the Rockefeller-CFR elite, such as Clark Clifford, George Ball, Averell Harriman, and Cyrus Vance. Does Weissman think the policy inclinations of the CFR have no class logic? Do they not follow the needs of the big banks and the giant multicorps of the North Atlantic? Or if they merely follow the needs of a politically homogeneous ruling class engaged only in "normal competition," then why do so many big businessmen, *a fortiori* big businessmen of the West, despise the CFR and denounce Nelson Rockefeller as a Communist dupe?
- Texas money and the New York Central, the Murchisons of Dallas and Investors Overseas Diversified, Hughes and Rockefeller and the fight over TWA: naming these and surely knowing of others, Weissman still argues that there is no significant regional characteristic of business competition and says that we do not know how to name the Cowboys. I answer that he names a good many of them himself.

Indeed, when it comes to naming things in detail, had Weissman surveyed the power-split literature more carefully, he might have found references to a shadowy, pseudonymous tome going around among power-split and conspiracy researchers called *Nomenclature of an Assassination Cabal,* which names names at a length of some two-hundred pages and claims, incidentally, that the SMERSH-like organization that is being protected by all the cover stories is one "Permindex." I am far from ready to say Permindex did what *Nomenclature* says it did, but Weissman could not be further wrong when he says that the Y-C analysis is not trying with some success to be concrete and specific. That is the whole point of it, this theory, that is all it is—an effort at moving (if I may call it this) "dialectical thought" away from massive reifications of current Marxism ("proletariat," "iron laws of history," "sophisticated economic determinism," etc.) in the direction of specific people and groups and concrete acts. That is the reason for saying "Yankee" (or if you prefer, the *multinational bourgeoisie*) and "Cowboy" (or the *national-domestic bourgeoisie*) instead of "big capitalist" and "new capitalist" and letting it go at that.

[A REAL STRUGGLE]

Weissman accuses me and other power-split theorists of being Yankee-symps. By quoting almost out of context, he makes it almost appear that I wanted the antiwar movement to support Kennedy's presidential campaign in 1968, and that the Business International meeting with

(Continued on page 49)

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The Southwest:

America's New Appalachia

An energy colony is being constructed in the Southwest, a new Appalachia stretching across the Colorado Plateau to the Mexican border. While Appalachia was colonized by the steel companies looking for a dependable supply of coking coal, the Southwest is being invaded by mining companies and utilities, eager to exploit the vast reserves of low-sulfur "steam" coal for regional power plants. And although the word "colony" is rarely used by the regional developers, what is happening to the area is an open secret. The Four Corners Regional Commission describes the process in antiseptic but candid prose:

"Minerals and fuels have traditionally been an important resource to the Regional economy, and it appears that these resources will be of continued significance during the 1970's. However, this industry is heavily capital intensive, and the Region is dependent on outside supplies of capital for the mining of these primary goods. The result is relatively fewer jobs per dollar invested, and income leakages (in the form of profits and dividends) out of the Region. The problem is exacerbated by few manufacturing linkages in the Region for processing and producing finished products from primary minerals and fuels."

The commission report for 1972 concludes, "The Four Corners Region, in many respects, resembles a number of less developed countries in other parts of the world."

The Regional Commission lists the contributing factors in the colonization process, all the while hoping that planning and government incentives to industry can alter the process it describes: a lack of transportation facilities, education facilities, and programs for manpower training; a lack of housing, water systems, sewer systems, and health facilities; a cycle of poverty in the midst of vast resources.

The nation's energy companies have flocked west for a number of fundamental economic reasons. Most of these reasons center on the profitability of strip mining.

Over half the 225 billion tons of western coal is recoverable by strip mining. In the vast reserves of the Southwest, the coal lies in beds up to 100 feet thick just below the surface. Compared to the deep mines and contour strip operations of Appalachia, the cost to mine owners is unbelievably low. Some operators can strip 100 tons per man-day of labor, more than eight times the rate in eastern shaft mines. The owners avoid the high cost of implementing the 1969 Coal Mine Health and Safety Act. Because many of them employ heavy-equipment Operating Engineers or non-union workers, they also avoid the jurisdiction of the United Mine Workers. That in turn skirts the 80 cents a ton royalty currently paid by mining companies to the UMW welfare and pension fund.

As a result, the cost per ton of coal strip mined in the West averages $3-$5, compared to $9-$14 in eastern deep

Photographs by Alan Copeland

by Thomas Brom

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mines. With that great a difference, utilities across the country can afford to pay the rail transportation charges and still come out ahead.

Best of all for the strippers, coal lands in the West are concentrated in the hands of the government and Indian tribes, managed by the Department of the Interior, and readily made available for long-term lease agreement. The Council for Economic Priorities released a report in June revealing that for years the energy companies have been quietly buying coal leases on public and Indian lands. James Cannon, author of the report, was appalled at the terms of the leases. "The government has been literally giving away land, with almost no revenue returning to the public treasury."

Many of the leases have been made on a "preference right" basis, whereby the companies obtain an exclusive prospecting permit on public land, then exchange their own surveys on mineral content for a permanent government lease. The total cost is a $10 filing fee.

The other type of leasing system is called "cash bonus competitive bidding." But the CEP discovered that of the 242 "competitive" lease offerings for western coal lands, 60 percent were made with only one bidder appearing. Leases were given for the nominal single low bid, averaging only $3.31 an acre. Billions of tons of western coal and 770,000 acres of public land were leased away for a pittance to private corporations. Project Independence has come to the Southwest with a vengeance.

[BLACK MESA REVISITED]

Energy development in the Southwest gained notoriety in the late Sixties following construction of the Four Corners Power Plant near Farmington, New Mexico. The plant, first of all, is massive. The combined generating capacity of its coal-fired boilers is 2,075 megawatts, making it one of the largest electric plants in the world. The Four Corners operation depends on strip-mined coal from Utah's International Navajo Mine. The mine is the largest stripping operation in the world. It is also located on Indian land, leased from the Navajo as long as marketable quantities of coal can be produced from the mine.

A capsule description of the recently completed Navajo plant on the shores of Lake Powell gives some indication of the total environmental impact of these plants. The unit occupies 1,021 acres, plus 765 more for storing fly ash. The stacks tower to a height of 800 feet, dispersing daily into the atmosphere more than 600 tons of sulfur dioxide, nitrogen oxides, and ash from the consumption of 23,000 tons of coal. Forty thousand acre-feet of water will be consumed annually to flow through the cooling towers at a rate of 270,000 gallons per minute. The plant has cost $328 million, plus another $178 million for the transmission lines to carry away its output.

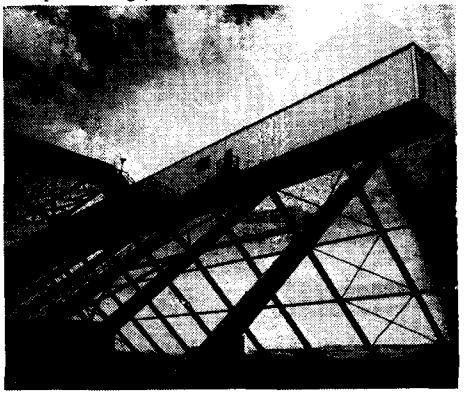
Three more power plants were subsequently built in a mammoth Southwest power grid, primarily serving urban areas hundreds of miles from the plant sites. Encouraged by the success of the Four Corners operation, 23 public and private utilities in seven states formed an informal planning and development consortium known as Western Energy Supply and Transmission (WEST) Associates.

Energy development in the Southwest became known simply as "Black Mesa," the site of Peabody Coal's 65,000-acre leases on the Hopi and Navajo Reservations. The phrase combined the issues of strip mining, Indian exploitation, land and water use, air pollution, and electric power consumption in the United States. That was in 1969.

Five years later the opposition by environmental groups and frustrated Indian traditionalists has dissipated like ash from the Four Corners stacks. And the construction never stops. There will be six WEST power plants in the initial phase of operation—four already built, the Huntington Canyon (Utah) plant under construction, and the giant of the WEST complex, Kaiparowits, still in the planning stages. Located on the Kaiparowits Plateau in southern Utah, the plant will have a capacity of from 3,000 to 5,000 megawatts, requiring eight coal mines to service its generators, and costing over $1 billion. Together, all six plants will be able to generate nearly 14,000 megawatts with all units in operation, or twice the present power capacity required by New York City. By 1985,

Hopi village in New Mexico

Strip-mining facility at Black Mesa



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WEST plans to increase that combined figure to 36,000 MW, placing as many as 50 large and small plants on line.

In September 1974, the Department of the Interior suspended its brief moratorium on leasing public coal lands in the western states. Water rights are again being adjudicated by state and regional commissions besieged by competing interests. And national advertising campaigns by the American Electric Power System and the National Coal Association are seeking to postpone clean air requirements, weaken strip mine regulations, and open still more federal land to private development.

Four coal gasification plants are in various stages of planning and construction, seven of them in northern New Mexico. Utah International will provide coal for four gasification plants operated by Western Gasification Company (WESCO), while El Paso Natural Gas Company will mine coal for its three projected plants from its own 40,000-acre coal lease on Navajo land.

In order to meet the additional demand, Utah's Navajo Mine will be enlarged from its present 2,500 acres to 30,000 acres. A second Utah mine will be opened just to the south of Navajo, involving 9,200 acres stripped over the 25-year life of the coal leases. In all, more than 65,000 acres could be stripped to fuel the seven planned New Mexico coal gasification projects.

Those are the plans. Reading through the lavish promotional pamphlets on these projects, it seems impossible that such sophisticated operations could make the already impoverished Southwest even worse. The brochures promise jobs, royalties, and economic development for the Navajo and the Hopi. They promise strict environmental control, land reclamation, and a bountiful wake of service industries and urbanization. You would never guess at what is in store for the land and those who now inhabit it.

[THE MASTER BUILDERS]

Corporate planners aren't the only ones at work on the Southwest, and they alone cannot be blamed for the move toward colonization. District, state, regional, and federal plans for the Four Corners area are just as chilling, by any standard. The Colorado Basin is subject to the planning operations of more than 20 federal agencies and over 50 state agencies, each representing special interests and addressing specific aspects of development.

The common starting point of these studies is the mineral and fuel reserves of the Southwest, most administered by the Department of the Interior. The second factor is the huge energy requirement of the ring of urban areas surrounding the Southwest—Los Angeles, San Diego, Phoenix and Tucson, Albuquerque, El Paso, Salt Lake City, and Las Vegas. Most of these cities already have anti-pollution requirements that make it impossible to locate power plants within municipal boundaries. The idea is to leave the air pollution in the desert, where nobody cares about it. Except those few who live there—the Navajo and the Hopi, the Zuni and the Apache, the Ute and the Pueblo.

The cities create an energy market for vast quantities of coal, burned at or near the mine sites in huge steam generators. The electricity is then transported across hundreds of miles of arid land to the surrounding cities, connecting them to the central generating grid like spokes on a wheel. The expanding urban areas, supplied with all the power they could ever use for industrial development, would then bring jobs and prosperity to the region. A Westinghouse consulting study proposes a new city in the Four Corners area, headquarters for the mine and power industries.

Looking at the feasibility studies now, they seem to be either hopelessly naive or maliciously vague. What the studies and reports ignore, briefly, is (1) serious shortages of water in the region that even now cannot meet all the agricultural, industrial, and municipal needs; (2) the virtual impossibility of land reclamation following strip mining in the Southwest; and (3) the economic and cultural effect of energy development on the Indian people. Together they could ruin agriculture, despoil the remaining Indian lands, terminate Indian culture, and create a vast, permanent graveyard fit only for isolated energy company towns that pipe the life of the region to the bright lights of the city.

William Veeder is a water specialist for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, a quiet, conservative man from eastern Montana. But he cares passionately for the rights of the Indians in the western states. "It is tantamount to genocide if we take these water rights away from the Indian people," he says. "Genocide means that there is a plan, and a concerted effort to carry out the destruction of a culture. And I truly believe that is what we are looking at today."

The overuse of Colorado River water has already caused an alarming rise in the percentage of dissolved minerals, or salinity, in the water. And the Central Arizona Project, intended to bring 1.2 million acre-feet of Colorado River water to Phoenix and Tucson, will clearly intensify the problem. "The salinity situation has been destroying crops in Mexico for years," Veeder says. "Salinity is now moving up the All-American Canal, and that serves the vast food factories of the Imperial and Coachella Valleys of California. I have been advised that the parts per million of salt is such that it is now destroying crops in the area. And yet they are going ahead and building the Central Arizona Project to take water that is not there, increasing the salinity situation.

"In my view, the destruction of the Fort Mojave Indian Reservation, the Chemehuevi and Colorado River Indian Reservations, the Fort Yuma Reservation, and the Cocopah Indian Reservation must necessarily ensue if they build the Central Arizona Project. There just is not sufficient water there! It's a crime against man and nature."

A report released in June 1974 by the National Academy of Sciences confirms the new threat to the water supply of the whole Southwest. The academy claims that the 14 gasification plants alone will require a quarter-million acre-feet of water by 1985, with sharper rises expected after that. The study concludes, "There is simply not enough water in the western states to permit the enormous congregations of coal-fired generating, gasification, and liquification plants envisioned in recent years by utilities and oil companies."

The Navajo Mine uses little water itself, mostly to keep the ever-present dust from overwhelming operations.

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But Peabody's Black Mesa Mine breaks up coal at the mine site, then mixes it with equal parts water and sends the mixture on a 273-mile journey by slurry pipeline to the Mojave plant in Nevada. Peabody wells this water from five shafts drilled 3,500 feet into the mesa. The shafts are sealed with concrete, hopefully to preserve the surface water table upon which the Navajo and Hopi depend for survival. Peabody pumps 2,300 gallons a minute from the wells, or 37 billion gallons over the 35-year term of the lease.

The power plants themselves use lots of water, primarily for cooling. A 1,000-MW power plant requires 20,000 acre-feet of water per year. The new coal gasification plants literally consume water, combining oxygen and steam with burning coal to form "town gas" as the first step in the gasification process. The WESCO/Utah International gasification plants have already secured rights to 44,000 acre-feet of water per year from the San Juan River and the Navajo Reservoir. The El Paso gasification complex at Burnham, New Mexico, has applied for rights to pump 30,000 acre-feet of water per year from the San Juan River, a tributary of the Colorado, permitting production of nearly 800 million cubic feet of synthetic gas per day. None of the water will be returned to the river.

In fact, the total run-off of the upper Colorado is only 12 million acre-feet per year—4,500 acre-feet *less* than has already been allotted. The answer of the regional planners has been to propose "augmenting" the Colorado River with increasingly extravagant schemes. The Bureau of Reclamation has embarked on a pilot project—growing out of the military's "weather warfare" in South Vietnam—to increase the winter snowpack in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado. The bureau has also been considering plans for the past decade to divert water into the Colorado River from the Columbia River basin in the Northwest.

An even more grandiose scheme was presented by the North American Water and Power Alliance (NAWAPA), involving construction of massive dams in Alaska and the Canadian Yukon. The trapped water would be stored in a lake 500 miles long formed in the Rocky Mountain trench in southwestern British Columbia. From there, the water could be channeled through a series of canals and tunnels to the parched states of the Southwest for continued industrial development.

These plans have lain dormant for nearly 10 years, scuttled initially by Senator Henry Jackson of Washington and others who feared for the continued health of the Columbia River basin. But the temporary moratorium Congress declared on investigations of such "inter-regional water diversion schemes" expires in 1978. Faced with the rush for western coal, water experts anticipate renewed attempts to push water importation projects through the Congress.

The recent report by the National Academy of Sciences points to an additional need for water rarely addressed in mining company brochures. In order to even have a chance at reclaiming strip-mined land, massive amounts of water are necessary over a period of many years. The report states that land reclamation is virtually impossible in areas that receive less than 10 inches of rain per year. That includes nearly all of the Southwest, where rainfall averages under 5 inches a year. Revegetation in the Southwest "may not occur for centuries," no matter how extensive a reclamation project is attempted. The report suggests that these areas of the Southwest either be spared the burden of mining, or that they be declared "National Sacrifice Areas," where reclamation will not even be attempted.

[JOINING THE THIRD WORLD]

The difference between the Southwest today and such former energy colonies as Appalachia and the Oklahoma oil fields is that some of those who still own the land see the juggernaut coming. They have examples now, among them the OPEC nations of the Middle East and other militant and canny Third World governments, of people bargaining wisely for a piece of the profits from resource exploitation. They can observe how more and more international development contracts have included ownership percentages for the host nation, nationalization accruing over time, or straight trade agreements for natural resources in return for the location of on-site industrial plants.

U.S. industry and government alike avoid the Third World analogy when dealing with exploitation of Indian resources, but the Indian tribes themselves are beginning to see the connection. The Northern Cheyenne in Montana and North Dakota are currently suing the BIA to force termination of all existing coal permits and leases on their land. In March, the tribe announced plans to mine the five billion tons of coal on their own reservation. Based on professional and legal advice, the plan explores the possibilities for coal gasification and petrochemical plants as well. The Navajo of the Burnham Chapter House are attempting to stop or slow construction of the nearby gasification plants until more Navajo are employed. No legal breakthroughs have yet been achieved, but each suit has made the corporations and the government more careful of Indian rights, and more sensitive to public opinion.

With good lawyers and hard bargaining, the Indians of the western states could gain a piece of the development profits. They could gain more than just short-term dollars from royalties and a few jobs. But they will still inhabit an energy colony, forever changed from the land they inherited.

The Southwest, like areas of Montana, the Dakotas, and the hills of Appalachia, has the curse of coal. The nation claims to need that coal, and prices are high enough now that corporations are rushing in to dig it out. None of us—Indians, Anglos, and Chicanos alike—will ever again see the Southwest as it has existed for centuries.

But who owns and who controls the coal and the water and the power and gasification plants of the Southwest will make a tremendous difference. It could be the difference between an energy graveyard sucked dry by the cities that surround it, and an energy colony that develops some autonomy and secondary industry through local control. That depends now on the acumen and political power of the people who live there.

Thomas Brom is an investigative writer for the Community Ownership Organizing Project in Oakland, Calif. He also writes for the Nation *and* Working Papers for a New Society.

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Amnesty
A Question of Justice

To obviate any misunderstandings, the position of this writer and this magazine, on the whole subject called amnesty, is uncomplicated. You do not, indeed you cannot, forgive someone for doing what is right. Much less can you ask him to atone for it. Rather, we should ask them to forgive us, and justice will be truly done only on the day that the government of the United States calls former Captain Dale Noyd (whom I take here as a symbol) to Washington and invests him with the Congressional Medal of Honor. If after seven years we do not remember Captain Dale Noyd, that is a tragedy of our own.

Sadly, however, the writer also assumes that Gerald Ford and Nelson Rockefeller are not going to emulate Henry II and crawl bare-kneed to the tomb of St. Thomas, admitting the sickening guilt of America's actions in Vietnam, not to mention elsewhere. For the expatriate resisters, virtue will continue to be its own, and its only, reward. For the rest of us, some other aspects of the question will bear examining, beginning with some much-misunderstood terminology.

[THE SEMANTICS]

Nowhere in connection with the Ford Plan (we have to call it something) does there appear the word "amnesty," except for an occasional erroneous use in the press. The terms that are used are "clemency" and "leniency" (and, once in the President's proclamation, "mercy"). This is neither oversight nor mistake.

"Amnesty" (from the Greek *mnasthai*, to remember) relates, like its sister word "amnesia," to forgetting. Properly used, it implies no judgment of any kind whatever. Hence those who resisted the war, or who later came to oppose it, prefer "amnesty" to other words (and hence the President avoids it). The Vietnam Veterans Against the War, in a long statement issued in 1973, said: "The term 'amnesty' legally fits our requirements because it means 'abolition of the crime.' In other words, there is no penalty because there was no crime. The term 'pardon' is legally used to mean the

by Gene Marine

Owen Franken/Gamma

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Charles Harbutt/magnum

Edwin Arnett, first returning soldier to face desertion charges

abolition of the sentence, recognizing a crime did occur."

A lawyer might argue, but that's not really relevant. The Ford Plan doesn't mention "pardon" anyway, since you can't have a pardon and a punishment at the same time. But "clemency" and "leniency" do carry the same connotation that you did do something nasty and we're just being nice about it.

There are other semantic problems surrounding the issue, one of them having to do with what to call the people we're talking about. "Deserter" as a term for those who were in the military before they quit has negative connotations in America; but partly because any alternative is clumsy or confusing or both, I'm going to use it. I'll go with Bill Jones, who in 1969 headed the American Deserters Committee in Stockholm and who said in an interview: " 'Deserter' is an honest word. We want it to be clear beyond doubt that we've deserted from what is evil about America. We will have no part of it."

Incidentally, if you're among those who think that a deserter is somebody gone for 30 days or more, you're wrong. That's an administrative classification used while he's gone. If they catch him, though, he's only a deserter if it can be proved to a court-martial that he never intended to return. This being pretty hard to prove, most apprehended "deserters," in recent years, have been charged with being absent without leave and given an undesirable discharge, with no other penalty or a relatively minor one. This is not to say that an undesirable discharge is itself an unimportant penalty.

"Draft dodger" is nonpejorative in Canada, but pejorative as hell in the States. We have the term "draft evader" available, so I'll use it. I'm aware, by the way, that a lot of people got out of being drafted entirely by all sorts of ploys, from draft board shopping through sitting out a 2-S until the age of 26 to showing up at the induction center in drag. They're all "draft evaders" in some sense, and the open resister sometimes feels a moral superiority to some of them. I shall forego moral judgment and use the term for everybody who isn't in the service because, somewhere along the line between registration and induction, he did not do something he was legally required to do, and did not submit to the legal consequences.

I use "expatriate" in preference to "exile" because to call somebody an "exile" implies that he is pining away to come home, which most expatriates are not. It also implies that the "exile" was sent away, rather than having chosen to go.

A couple of other semantic notes in passing. I find myself increasingly unamused by the continued use, by politicians and by older Americans in general, of the word "boys" to denote resisters, who are for the most part grown men leading useful adult lives, in many cases helping by now to rear children of their own.

And I find myself wondering why anyone who carries a bumper strip reading "America—Love It or Leave It" can simultaneously carry so much hatred for people who have taken his advice.

[THE NIXON ANALOGY]

Because the same President within a few days pardoned Mr. Nixon for nobody knows what and proposed a "clemency plan" for war resisters, many observers have attempted to link the actions in one way or another. I think I have a link that no one else has thought of.

A great many Congressmen—for once genuinely representative of a great many Americans—were outraged when Mr. Nixon got through his resignation period, and received his strange dispensation, without any outright admission of

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Bill Jones, chairman of International Deserters

guilt on his part. Granted a variety of opinion within the country, it seems fair to say that America did not and does not feel that justice will have been done in the Nixon matter until Mr. Nixon himself admits without reservation that what he did was wrong.

I suggest that what war resisters are demanding of America is exactly what America is demanding of Richard Nixon: You don't even have to say you're sorry; just admit the truth for once.

[THE RESISTERS]

The Ford Plan is absurd—among other reasons—because most expatriate resisters, which apparently means most resisters, aren't interested in coming back to the United States anyway, except perhaps as visitors. Americans have been told this repeatedly for at least five years, but we just don't seem able to believe it.

In 1970, Rep. Edward Koch (D–N.Y.) visited expatriate resisters in Canada, and asked their feelings about amnesty. "I was surprised to learn," he said, "that return to the United States was not their major concern." Imagine that. Four years later, Larry Martin—a longtime expatriate known to virtually every other expatriate in British Columbia because of his activity in aid groups and his operation of a Vancouver hostel—told a reporter that "out of the hundreds I've been in contact with in recent weeks," only one American wanted to return.*

Kenneth Emerick, who conducted extensive interviews with 33 Canada expatriates in 1971, said that on his return to the United States he was constantly asked about amnesty; he continued: "I can only conclude that the interrogator is concerned, not with the resister, but with his own image of the United States and his identification with America . . . The questioner appears to be shielding himself with a none-too-certain assumption that no one can really remain away from the United States by choice. . . ."

That is it, of course. To us in America, amnesty seems as though it must be the major problem, the constant nagging day-to-day concern of every expatriate. Surely, we feel, no one could *prefer* another country to this one, given a genuine choice; if some of our finest youth reject the United States, are they not in some way rejecting *us?*

Indeed, it's possible that without their resistance to the war and the draft, few of the expatriates would ever have made the try. But they did, and they have decided: Canada is a better place.

AMEX, a publication that reaches much of the expatriate population in Canada, published in 1970 an editorial that referred to amnesty as "the same old question, and the favorite of all non-exiles." American liberals want amnesty, the editorial suggested—"to assuage their consciences and to continue ignoring that the American dream has become a nightmare drug."

Some of those quotations come from a time when, in the dialogue among expatriates, the word "amnesty" was taken to imply a genuine change of heart by the United States toward the war and those who resisted it. Even then, most expatriates seemed to desire its coming (though they did not expect it) only so that they could visit their families or friends, or perhaps see again a few favorite spots. The Ford Plan, which is not amnesty at all and which (like the resigning Nixon) makes no mention of American guilt, appears to be viewed by many, if not most, Canada expatriates with contempt.

Referring again to the "hundreds" of expatriates with whom he has been in recent contact (and because of his long-standing and unusual position in the Vancouver community, he probably really has been), Larry Martin said in September that "none would sign anything, let alone agree to some kind of service as punishment or atonement. That would be negating the reason they came here." Another expatriate's mother—Mrs. Joseph Jones of Wilkesboro, N.C.—said that her son would never accept alternate service. "He tried to do that before he left for Canada," she said. "If he came back that way now, the whole point of what he did would be lost."

It is, of course, one of the ironies of the Ford Plan that among the resisters to whom it is offered, there are literally thousands who made every effort to perform alternate service, and who were abruptly refused—some of them repeatedly. In fact, to read or to hear the stories of expatriate resisters is to be impressed again and again with the efforts of idealistic young men to try to come to terms with America—with patriotism, with love of country—while maintaining self-respect with regard to their opposition to the war in Vietnam and to the draft.

There are few outright pacifists among them, and not all that many political radicals (a surprising number say that they would fight for Canada). Political radicals tended to say, "Stay in America and fight." Some expatriates have

*** Some quotations from expatriates in this article—but not all, and not the one to which the asterisk is attached—are taken from three books, all of which will contribute to an understanding of the expatriates although none is new: Kenneth Fred Emerick, *War Resisters Canada* (Knox, Pa. Free Press, 1972); Richard Killmer, Robert Lecky, and Debrah Wiley, *They Can't Go Home Again* (Pilgrim Press, 1971); and best of all, Roger Neville Williams, *The New Exiles* (Liveright, 1971).**

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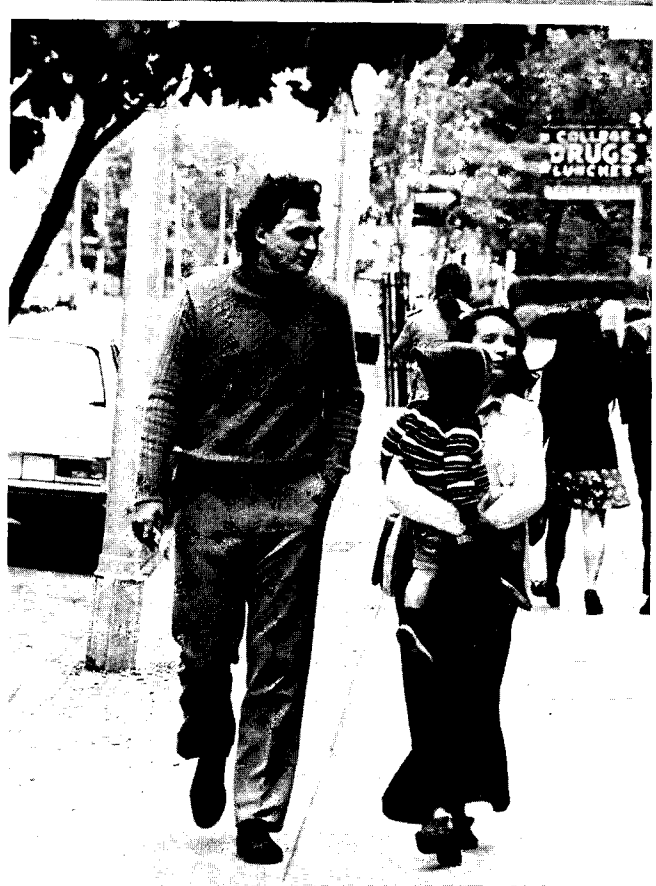

Participants in September 22 AMEX Conference in Toronto

become radicalized, in American terms, since their arrival in the north—partly through observing American influence in Canada and partly through just looking at America from outside—but they were not radicals to begin with.

A history of activity with the Peace Corps or VISTA, or with private charitable groups, is not at all uncommon; and most of today's expatriates were clustered around the impressionable puberty years when John Kennedy was assassinated. They *tried* to serve America, most of them, asking only that they not be forced to surrender their ideals and their integrity in a war they could not accept.

And of course they were refused, often contemptuously. They did not for the most part see totalitarianism in that official attitude, but they are notable not only as opponents of the war but as people who refused to be totalitarian subjects. "The beauty of the dodgers and deserters, even the totally apolitical ones," says actress Sylvia Tucker, a New Yorker now living in Toronto, "is that at some point it occurred to them that they didn't have to do what they were told, and that's a beginning."

Larry Martin, whose more recent comments were quoted earlier, said in 1970 when he was 24 and already an old hand, "Refusing induction to me was my first heavy decision, and like, coming up here was the second . . . Coming to Canada for a lot of people is the first thing they've done in their whole life that really means something."

Among war-related expatriates in Canada, perhaps a fifth are women, and they too have given up their homes and their country as an act of courage. Most of them, however, are there to be with men in some sort of semi-permanent connection, and they are not under legal pressure in the United States (some marriages have reported strain because the wife can go back to the States to visit and the husband can't). Martin's last sentence is important because the resisters themselves are male (with a handful of exceptions), and being American males they went to Canada at what for many of them was a psychologically crucial moment in their lives.

Photos by Owen Franken/Gamma

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We have few, if any, rituals in American life for determining the passage into manhood. One substitute for such rituals is the job—economic self-sufficiency; for reasons no psychiatrist has yet adequately explained, American males of all ages relate their "manhood" to their money-earning capacity, and it is not uncommon in America for loss of a job to result in impotence. Another substitute for a "rite of passage" is military service—a fact exploited heavily by the images used on recruiting posters. A third, for some, is the completion of whatever level of education is "expected" in each particular family.

The expatriate resister is often a man who had walked away from all three of these possible passage-rites at just the age when, in America, the question of "proving" manhood can be expected to be prominent among his concerns. Even if a resister had a job offer—a requirement for becoming a "landed immigrant," the first stage in the five-year process of becoming a Canadian citizen—he usually knew that the job in question would be temporary. The evaders had refused the draft; some of the deserters had remained only a short time in the service. And many, especially evaders, walked away from, or were forced out of, their educations.

But they made themselves "men," these expatriates, not by conforming to the manhood sex-role rituals of a closed society, but by taking their lives into their own hands, putting their faith in their own convictions and abilities, and shaping their existences for themselves. It is not unimportant—when we hear of expatriates saying that they don't care whether they return to the United States—that they did something by going to Canada and making their lives there, that was much more important than "becoming men" as they might have done in the United States. In Canada they became adults.

Some, of course, have "proved their manhood" even to the satisfaction of the most role-bound American male; a healthy proportion of the deserters are veterans of Vietnam, and there are a few who, having decided to desert after seeing what was happening there, deliberately delayed their action long enough so that no one (including themselves) could call them cowards. And some, like deserter Dave Weise, saw what was happening in more articulate terms: "You know the saying . . . that going into the army will either make a man out of you or destroy you. Well, if that's what being a man is all about, I decided pretty shortly that I never wanted to be a man."

This is one of several reasons why Americans (particularly reporters) are so often disappointed when they go to Canada to meet resisters. Just as we expect them to be yearning for amnesty and longing to return home—an attitude that would bolster their own needs—so, too, we expect them to be disoriented, alienated, detached from reality.

A Marine deserter with an M.A. in sociology, Paul Petrie of Maine, said that we in the States think of resisters as living "underground somehow, not only underground in terms of law in Canada, but underground in their own mind, the whole underground mentality of being persecuted and watched." Petrie's opinion is that it didn't work out that way partly because of the attitudes of Canadians, who in general respect the expatriate resisters for their convictions and courage.

Kenneth Emerick, who interviewed the 33 resisters in Canada three years ago, put it this way: "Psychologist Kenneth Keniston maintains in *The Uncommitted* that a serious and widespread mistrust of involvement with others is a basic ingredient of alienation. Twenty-nine [of the 33] resisters disagreed with the statement that 'it is generally wise to avoid close personal attachments to others.' If Dr. Keniston's view is valid, these men are anything but alienated."

In the same year in which that paragraph was published, I traveled across the United States interviewing Vietnam veterans. I talked also, at that time, with psychiatrists and others who had worked with those veterans in groups—Robert Jay Lifton (see his book, *Home from the War*), Chaim Shatan, Charles Levy, writer Murray Polner (*No Victory Parades*). One of the most frequently found characteristics of the Vietnam veteran, these investigators insisted—and my own interviews tended to confirm it—was precisely a mistrust of involvement with others. Put more simply, it could be called an inability to love.

If Americans in the "Vietnam-era age group" are alienated, that alienation is much more likely to be found among those who went to Vietnam. For one thing, they are as a group—granting many individual exceptions—extremely guilt-ridden; the resister is, by contrast, unalienated and proud.

Actually, the two groups respect and understand each other, on the whole, far better than some of the rest of us understand either of them. They are after all the same age; they share many of the same disillusionments; they are, regardless of politics or ideology, members of a subculture that their parents, and their parents' contemporaries, will never really understand.

Many Vietnam veterans are far more willing than their parents to support complete amnesty for resisters. And many Vietnam veterans are aware, as many other Americans are not, that the expatriates are expatriates not only because of principled objection to the war and the draft—though these were of course the major motivations—but because of disillusion with American society as a whole.

Expatriates feel generally that America has let them down, that it has not turned out to be what they grew up believing that it was. This may simply be true; America *is* a worse place than it was. It may be, probably is, related to the surge of hope felt by so many young people with the accession of John Kennedy, to be followed by the disillusion that came to them with his death, and was reinforced by the deaths of his brother, of Martin Luther King, and (to some) of Malcolm X. In discussing their objections to America, many expatriates bring up the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago.

Many want to stay in Canada, too, not only because they don't want to live in the United States but also because they *like* Canada. Several have said that they see our problems as insurmountable, insuperable—but in Canada they see hope. It's different things for different people, depending on where their heads are: the quasi-socialist New Democratic Party (wildly left wing by American standards); the social progress already made; the chance for a fresh start on genuine frontiers that in some places are breathtakingly beautiful; the availability of land; the movement toward anti-Americanism and thus toward an anti-imperialist

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consciousness—or maybe, simply, the existence of relatively decent cops.

They would like to come home; but—almost unanimously—only to visit. Having seen another country, and one that behaves internationally with relative decency, they look at the United States today through an untinted lens for the first time in most of their lives. And few among the rest of us have learned yet to do even that.

[THE NUMBERS]

I had a long section planned for this spot, but there's no room for it. It was about all the different estimates you've seen of how many resisters there are subject to the Ford Plan, made a little more humorous by the fact that in the wake of the President's announcement, the Pentagon put out one set of misleading figures, the White House put out another, and the press proceeded to misinterpret both.

I will say that whatever figures you read in the American press are more likely than not Pentagon figures. Either the Pentagon lies through its teeth or Pentagon PR men are unable to count beyond six; there are veteran Washington reporters on both sides of this question.

Without support, I'll set it down flatly that no matter what you read elsewhere, a *conservative* estimate is that there are between 60,000 and 80,000 resisters subject to the Ford Plan in Canada alone, and between 100,000 and 150,000 everywhere in the world.

They want you to think the number is smaller, because if a few thousand don't show up for redemption, they're all a bunch of radical malcontents; but if 100,000 don't show up, maybe it isn't redemption at all, and maybe Americans would start wondering about the whole thing.

[A WARNING]

Should it happen that any resister anywhere should read this, regardless of his ideology or convictions, let this be said here plainly. If you plan in any way to make use of the provisions of the Ford Plan, call or (better) write first, have you own status thoroughly checked, and ask explicitly any questions you want answered. Don't assume that you know, at least not without legal advice. There is one hell of a lot of confusion kicking around.

[THE PLAN, THE LAW, THE FACTS]

Almost every interview I have conducted, heard or seen with expatriate resisters in Canada has included some expressed desire to visit the United States, though not to return to it permanently. It's worth noting, then, that as far as I can determine from attorneys, the FBI and the local office of the Justice Department, the "14-day-visit loophole" in the Ford Plan is real—at least for one trip.

Theoretically, says the plan, you check through a border station, where they make a little mark by your name or something but don't do anything else. The presumption is that the FBI checks these little marks. Some time within the next 15 days, you turn yourself in to the appropriate authority. If you don't, they come looking for you; but the 15 days are free. If you can get back across the border, you've got it made.

It is also the presumption, however, that once you've done this, they'll have a different little mark by your name in case you try it again. You might also be checked very carefully on the way back to Canada, and caught and stopped, even if only eight days have passed. On this last point no one official will answer any questions, although in fairness I think it's because most of them haven't yet figured out what's expected of them.

Finally, it must be stressed again that even if you intend to attempt the visit gimmick, it would be wise to check out your status with the authorities very carefully first. A lot of people are wanted for other charges, too, and some of them, it seems, don't even know about it; if they want you for something else, all bets are off. All bets are off, too, if the date of your indictment doesn't fall within the right time limits*; the Ford Plan doesn't cover you in that case.

But there is Doug Griffin, a Californian who has lived with his wife in Vancouver since 1970. He recently had his case checked out in San Francisco, and learned that he had never been indicted and that the time period for indictment had passed. He has applied for and received 1-H classification, and there are now no charges against him at all.

If you get into America without having your name checked off, and if there are no other charges against you, you're in pretty good shape—barring a fluke. An assistant in the U.S. Attorney's office in San Francisco, speaking very unofficially, told me, "We've already caught all the easy ones and we sure as hell ain't wasting much time looking for the hard ones."

There are, however, flukes. There are even some "good" ones, like the fluke that hit Joe Bute of Virginia after he got tired of Montreal in 1971. He went home to "face the music" and—for no reason that anyone understands—he was never arrested. Instead, the draft board obligingly sent him a new 1-A classification. By that time the lottery system had come in, and Bute's birthday drew such a high number that he became ineligible for the draft.

Don't count on that kind of fluke; look out for the kind that happened to an expatriate working for a Windsor, Ontario, newspaper—who blandly crossed to Detroit several times on assignments. On one such illegal visit, he got an ordinary speeding ticket, and was then busted the next day at his Detroit motel. The computer that routinely checks traffic tickets against other information in the Detroit police files had discovered his identity as a deserter. If you're going to play with loopholes, play carefully.

The "deserter loophole" in the plan is also, apparently, quite real, and according to *The Washington Post* the government knows all about it and shrugs it off. That loophole is that a deserter can come back, sign the alternate service agreement, get his undesirable discharge, and then say to hell with the alternate service. A Pentagon PR man told *The*

*** According to the Ford Plan and some other government operations, the "Vietnam era" began on August 4, 1964, when the Senate ratified the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, and ended on March 28, 1973, when the last U.S. combat soldier left Vietnam. The time limits ignore such facts as that, by August 4, 1964, more than a thousand Americans had already died in Vietnam.**

(Continued on page 59)

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California Politics:

How the West Was Lost

California's statewide and federal election campaigns usually can be counted on to stir up some passions within the state and interest, if not fascination, around the country. California, as the most populous state, offers the biggest electoral vote prize in presidential races and sends the largest delegations to party nominating conventions. California's governor is at least a "contender" for his party's top nominations. Beyond that, the state is often held to be a kind of America in miniature as well as a matrix for national social and cultural changes. Finally, there is a political style once thought of as peculiar to California–let's call it the anti-party style. This has, the political scientists tell us, now been adopted nearly everywhere in the United States, and it makes some sense to hint that whatever is coming down in this state will soon enough be falling everywhere.

But the 1974 races in California have not yet and probably will not generate the old excitement. Watergate's poisonous steams and mists envelop all politics in endless miasma. A reporter going door-to-door in the precincts during August and September is stunned by the political impenetrability of the voters. Do not call it apathy; it is an envenomed rejection of politics and politicians. The economy is sick and people are hurting. Most of them will do what they have done in such a situation since 1930, vote Democratic. This robs the elections everywhere: and notably in California, of an element of doubt or surprise. The Democrats will win up and down the line. U.S. Senator Alan Cranston should be reelected by a landslide. No Democratic congressional seat appears to be in danger: the Republicans might lose as many as three. The Democrats should wind up with better than nominal control of the two houses of the state legislature. Apart from one of the statewide administrative offices, only the race for governor has the look of a contest and that race, too, has so far failed to stir the turned-off voters.

Neither Democratic candidate Edmund G. Brown, Jr., California's secretary of state and the son of former Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, nor Houston I. Flournoy, the incumbent controller and the Republican contender, has what anyone could call a popular following. To a reporter sampling opinion in the precincts a typical comment ran, "What did you say the name of that guy is who's running against Pat Brown?" This is even more grievous for Flournoy. As if Watergate, the economy, and the record of the Republican incumbent, Ronald Reagan, were not deadly

Illustrations by Gary Hallgren

by Francis Carney

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enough incubi for him to carry, he faces an opponent without the problem of "name identification." Still, just because of the character of the two candidacies, the race does bear some watching.

First of all, an era, the Reagan era, will come to an end no matter who wins the gubernatorial election. Reactionary, pitiless, and benighted, Reagan could never quite wholly impose his own bleak vision on the diverse and restless people of California. A legislature loosely managed by his political enemies, a state court system long admired for excellence at its appellate levels, such organized interests as labor, public employees, teachers, and conservation groups, a generally competent press corps in the state, along with the voters themselves, combined to hold Reagan in some kind of check. In addition, his own silly and arrogant ambition for a presidential nomination forced him to brake his sanguinary impulses. He might draw hoarse, exultant roars from GOP fatcats with his calls for a "bloodbath" for dissident students or an "outbreak of botulism" in the turkeys wrapped for distribution to urban poor people in response to SLA demands, but he could not openly turn such inhumanity into steady policy without dooming his presidential hopes. The American people, fortunately, were not ready for the real Ronald Reagan.

Reagan did accomplish in his eight years as governor the virtual dismantling of state government as a humane, responsive instrument of the immediate needs of the ordinary people of the state. With him in Sacramento, of course, there was not even a chance that the state government might be more than simply responsive to needs. That it might be an agency of social and economic justice, an unguent for the frictions of social life, a finder of pathways to the good society, were thoughts alien to his sensibility. He both embodied and appealed to the worst that is in us: greed, heartlessness, and a sullen determination to hold on to what one has and to hell with everybody else. That was Reaganism. Some will mourn it; some will not.

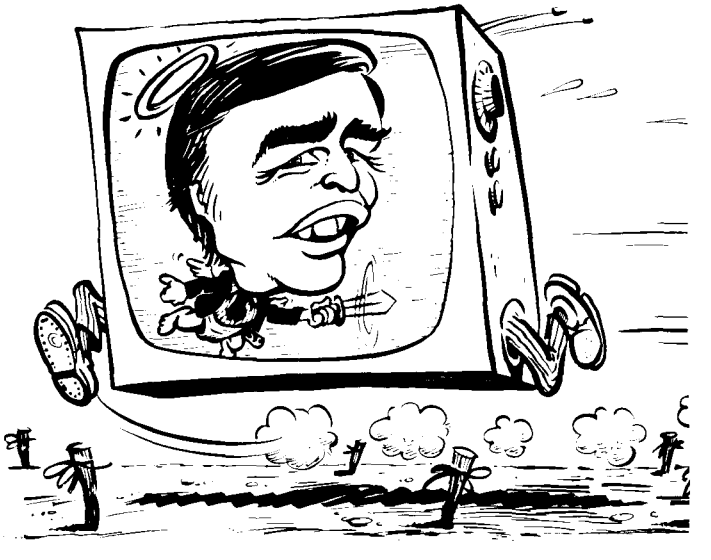
[RETURN TO THE OLD REGIME]

Obviously, the election of Jerry Brown (as he is usually called) means a pretty dramatic break with Reaganism. At the very least, a Brown administration would mean a return to the old regime of the Democratic liberals, to an administration not unlike that of Jerry's father, Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, who was governor from 1959 to 1967. It clearly grates on Jerry Brown's nerves when people easily assume that he is basically a younger, trimmer, more modern version of Pat. But irritating though that assumption may be, it means votes, a whole lot of them, for Jerry. In fact, more than a few registered Democrats this November will go into the polling booth to vote for Edmund G. Brown, Jr., thinking that they are casting a vote for good old Pat. Many, many more will vote for Jerry with Pat on their minds: Pat and a time, not long ago, which seems now almost halcyon compared with the dark night of the soul through which the American people have labored since 1966. Brown and his advisers are aware of what might be called the "nostalgia effect" surrounding his candidacy and are not above playing to it in order to corral all the votes possible from the normal constituencies of the Democrats.

Not everyone agrees that a Flournoy victory would also mean a break with Reaganism. Writing in *California Journal,* Ed Salzman, one of the most respected of California political writers, looks for "... no drastic or immediate change," and, noting that Reagan has promised to campaign hard for Flournoy, does not think that Flournoy will engage in any wholesale firing of Reagan appointees or move to dismantle what Reagan called his "Creative Society" programs. But Flournoy is no Reagan. Flournoy's close friends insist that privately Hugh, as he is called, was anguished by Reagan's prolonged and fatuous defense of Nixon. To an interviewer who asks, Flournoy will allow that he likes to think of himself as being in the Earl Warren mold of Republicanism rather more than Reagan's. Plenty of Democratic liberals in the legislature will, if asked, admit that the prospect of a Flournoy administration does not seem terrifying to them. One lobbyist, himself a long-time liberal Democrat with close ties to the liberals in the legislature, told me that he was seriously thinking of voting for Flournoy in preference to Brown. None of this is meant to suggest that Flournoy is actually going to make a serious dent in the liberal constituency, or that he is, in fact, another Earl Warren. What it does suggest is that he is not likely to follow closely in the footsteps of Reagan, that even in the event of a Republican victory in November the Reagan era will have come to a close.

[DE TOCQUEVILLE'S AMERICANS]

Reaganism was a California phenomenon of the Sixties. It anticipated Nixonism by a couple of years and was always more primitive than Nixonism, more romantic, if you will. As we learn more and more about Watergate, the outline of a Nixonian vision appears Gaullist and megalomaniacal; it was of a society reshaped in the image of the corporation and run from the White House, with Congress, courts, parties, and media reduced to impotence and voters mystified and manipulated. It would be the apotheosis of the administrative state, the



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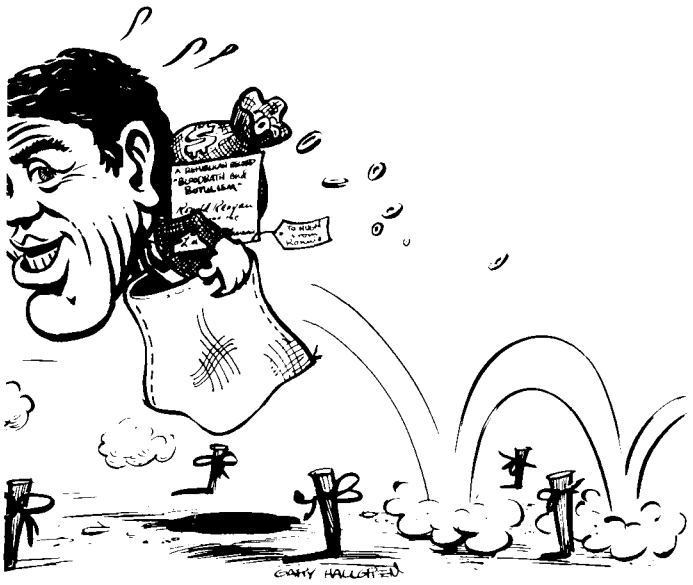
end of politics. Reaganism itself was never quite so grandiose or systematic as Nixonism, despite the affinities between the two. In Reaganism the interaction can be seen between the general sense of social movement of the Sixties and its peculiarly Californian political milieu.

Californians are too numerous and too politically diverse to be lumped into any single category. This state, after all, has a pretty good claim to be the stomping ground of America's most virulent right wing, ready to shoot hippies and blacks, sterilize welfare mothers, and canonize Nixon. At the same time it is the incubator and the main attraction of the counter-culture. With a deep bow to the black civil rights movement of the Sixties, moreover, it does not do violence to the truth to say that the social movement of the Sixties owed more to California than to any other state. And we know which state produced Nixon and Reagan.

There is in California, however, an all-pervading privatism that in odd ways unites the counter-culture dropout with the Orange County reactionary. Californians are absorbed by themselves and the pursuit of their individual and wholly private pleasures. They are de Tocqueville's Americans living in a benign climate and backed by an awesome technology but unable to rest because their personal quests for gratification can never be satisfied. It can never be satisfied because the American society, and especially so in California, does not know how *individual* desires can be legitimately harmonized or curbed. Americans do not like social discipline applied to themselves; Californians like it least of all. The institutions of social discipline and concerted will—family, church, community, work, trade union, political party—have always been weak in California. The dissolution of those institutions elsewhere in the land is widely held to be another instance of country following frontier.

California has been preeminently the place where one did not require political action to achieve happiness, success, the cultivation of the self, or the unlimited pursuit of pleasure. Californians wanted good government, of course. Good government was "honest and efficient." Efficient government was government that did not cost too much. Honesty meant that officeholders were not on the take and were accountable for public monies. Good government could also be enlightened and progressive. Californians spent generously on education, welfare and public health, including mental health. Its penology was far ahead of most states in adherence to the canons of 20th century thought on the matter. Its local governments were thought to be sound and responsive, with patronage and spoils practically unknown. Its system of judicial selection and retention is widely imitated and admired. Its system of higher education was the envy of the world. Its state legislature, particularly its lower house, is still thought by political scientists to be the nation's best. All of this was achieved with a politics of very low affect, very low visibility.



Of course, if politics were neither very visible nor affecting the ordinary Californian, the same was not true for the corporations, for agribusiness, and for the unions and other organized, largely economic, interest groups. The banks, the oil companies, aviation, the merchants and manufacturers, the big farmers, the utilities, the recreation interests, and the land developers were intensely political and far more influential over legislation than any political party or voting bloc. The legislators themselves, without any real party to bind them and support them, are fair game for the organized interests. Legislation in such a situation is the outcome of a complicated relationship among the lobbyists, the vulnerable legislators, and the specialists of the bureaucracies with ties to organized interests. To the ordinary Californian it always seems like a shadow-play in far-away Sacramento, having little to do with their own lives.

In the boom times before 1929, and again after World War II, such a regime could seem benign enough. There were jobs and good wages for those with skills; property was easily acquired and its value constantly appreciated. And there was this golden land with its seductive climate always seeming to whisper that life was made for pleasure and it could all be had with so little effort. If all of those jobs turned out to be shameful or boring or trivial or without meaning, there was always leisure, the household, the beaches and mountains and pleasure palaces. If marriages didn't seem to work in California, we could just make divorce easier. If people were not happy there was therapy, or a change of job, or splitting to some other place, or more frantic consumption, or a new spouse, or a new religion, or a new car, or even a new law. Who could knock it? Sometimes it seemed that the whole world really just wanted what California already had. And because of all that money poured into education the kids were going to have it even better. So it seemed to the vast majority of Californians. Who needed politics?

[END OF THE DREAM]

Who can really say when it all began to sour? A whole lot of people had never really shared in the good times—blacks, chicanos, old people, farm workers, youths without skills, divorced or abandoned mothers—and some of them began to make claims of their own. Suddenly, at the end of the Fifties, it wasn't quite so easy to switch jobs because they were harder to find and, in technological society, skills age fast.

(Continued on page 56)

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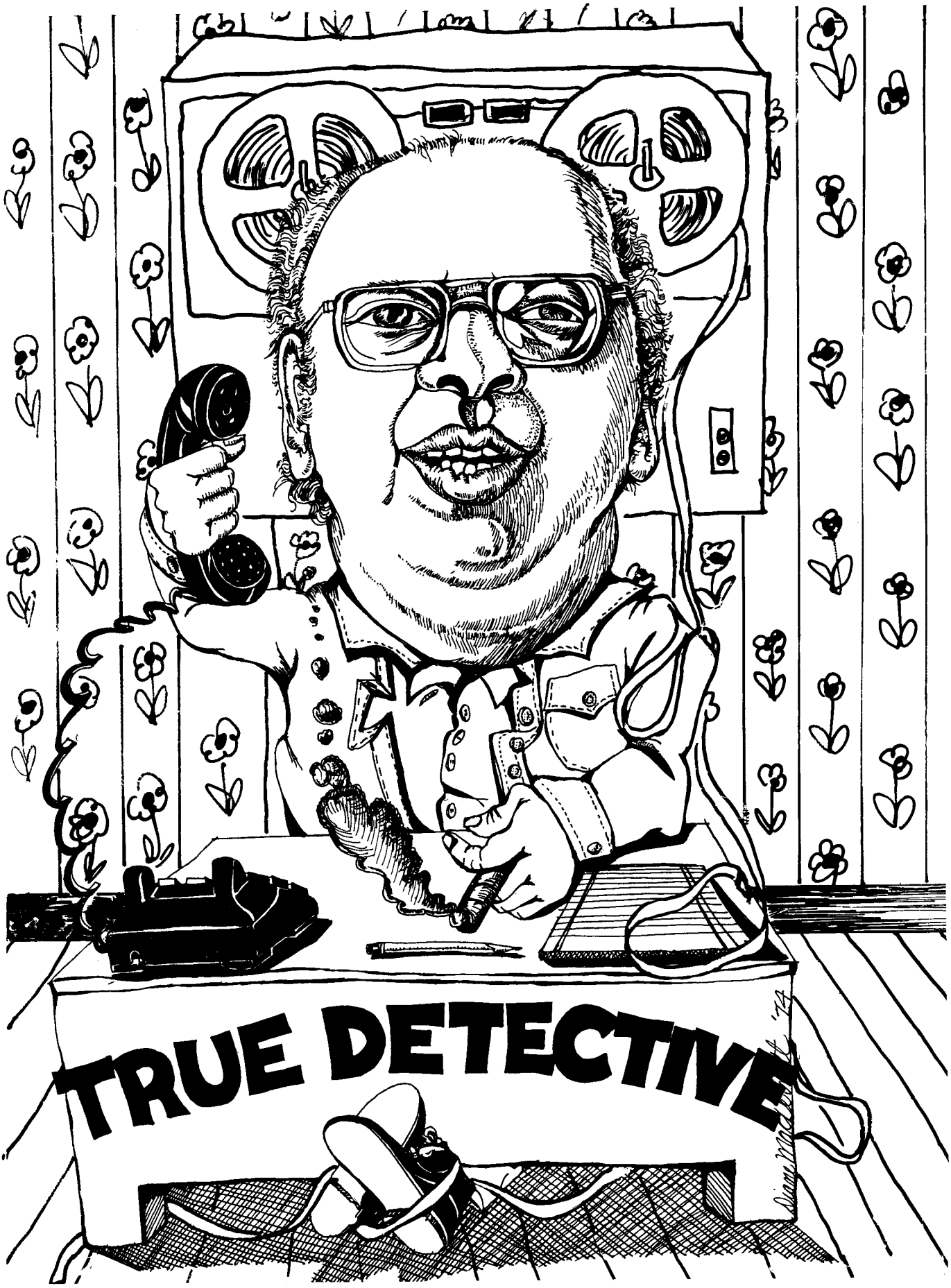

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"In my job, I deal with real people, not abstract morality. I should have the same weapons to prove some poor bastard's innocence that the cops do to prove his guilt."

Harold Lipset is one of the chosen. On a good September morning, he gets out of bed, throws open his bedroom window, and looks down at the hundreds of white sails tacking across the Bay toward the Golden Gate. The salt air he inhales is the sweet smell of success. Most San Franciscans would sell their souls for such a view, but the three-story Victorian built at the time of the Great Earthquake and sitting atop Pacific Heights is only part of his good life that includes a $15,000 Citroen SM in the garage below, humidors filled with cigars freighted up from the Canary Islands, frequent plugs by gossip columnist Herb Caen and even a cameo appearance in Francis Ford Coppola's *The Conversation.*

The 55-year-old Lipset reckons that he has earned a million dollars or so in the last 25 years, yet by 8:30 this Monday morning he is at his living room desk, sedulously working the buttons of his telephone to keep two long-distance conversations going at once. Scratching hurried notes on a pad of yellow foolscap and skywriting in small gestures with the first cigar of the day, he might well be a broker or banker, a speculator in soybean futures or in the slide of the dollar. But as he knows better than most men, appearances are deceiving. Harold Lipset is actually a private investigator.

On the West Coast at least, Lipset has become a sort of legend, a court of last resort for those faced with political prosecutions. He worked with Charles Garry on the defense of Huey Newton and Bobby Seale. He tracked down the witness who broke the prosecution case against the Los Siete defendants (seven young Chicanos from San Francisco's Mission District who were accused of killing a policeman in 1970). He uncovered a pair of former prisoners whose testimony was crucial in the acquittal of the Soledad Brothers. He headed the investigation that helped clear Angela Davis, and after the 1972 conviction of two black seamen from the aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk,* undercover agents Lipset had planted in an apartment across the hall from the star prosecution witness got him to boast into a hidden tape recorder that he had lied on the stand. All this helped lead him into the superbowl of detective work: last year when Chief Counsel Sam Dash of the Senate Select Committee was trying frantically to prepare for the Watergate hearings and decided he needed someone to head the investigation, he briefly considered the alternatives and then put in a long-distance call to Lipset Service, Inc.

["ANOTHER ROUTINE KIDNAPPING"]

In detective fiction, that concrete landscape of bullets and blondes in which the myth of the West has been hard-boiled and then shipped to the city, the private eye is conventionally lean and rugged, good with his fists and with the .38 in his glove compartment, and (despite all the staged cynicism) on speaking terms with a higher morality. Although his exploits have been written up from time to time in *True Detective* and are periodically considered as the basis for a television series, Lipset would have trouble getting the hero's part. Slightly slumped at the shoulders and thickening at the middle, he looks more like a potential hold-up victim. He has worn glasses since he was six. The fleece of hair at the top of his head and the round, pink face make him look like an aging, slightly agnostic cherub. A contemplative man, not a man of action, he has been beaten up only three times in 27 years on the job (which he, master of none of the martial arts, nonetheless considers three times too many), and couldn't carry a gun if he wanted to (which he doesn't) because he let his license lapse long ago.

Political work with *pro bono publico* overtones has gained Lipset a reputation as a Clarence Darrow among detectives. Yet while he considers himself a broad-minded gentleman sympathetic to the underdog, he is in the business to make money, not converts. He will take just about any case if the fee is right (no questions asked about the rights and wrongs at issue) and is under no illusions about the nature of his work. He is an expert in the invasion of privacy, and very much at home in that demimonde of suspicion, hatred, cowardice and petty dread which has created a demand for detectives. He is the supreme realist, and his idea of what it takes to be a good private eye is about as existential as a Dale Carnegie correspondence course. "You've got to be able to sell yourself and talk openly with people," he says in his gravelly, Charles Laughtonesque voice. "Along with natural curiosity, these are the two main things. When some kid comes up and says he wants to be a detective, I tell him to forget the criminology degree. Get a job selling door to door and get good at it. Fuller brushes or something like that."

It is hard not to wince at such candor, so powerful is the hammerlock detectives from Sherlock Holmes to Lew Archer have held on our imagination. But in point of fact most of the real world counterparts of these worthies have little excitement in their professional lives. Today, as in 1855 when Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm with the unblinking eyeball as its symbol (and thus the term "private eye"), the investigator is typically an ex-cop, either disillusioned with law enforcement or one of its many rejects, yet carrying all its tedium and none of its power into his new line of work. A recent RAND study on private police shows the average detective agency with 21 employees, primarily part time and earning something less than $4,000 a year. Most are guards inside plants or apartment buildings; of those who do case work, almost all are restricted (in RAND's words) to "preemployment background checks on personnel, background checks on insurance and credit applicants, plainclothes undercover work to detect employee dishonesty and customer shoplifting, and investigation of insurance claims."

What takes place amidst the sedate English antiques on the lower floor of the Pacific Avenue house in San Francisco

by Peter Collier

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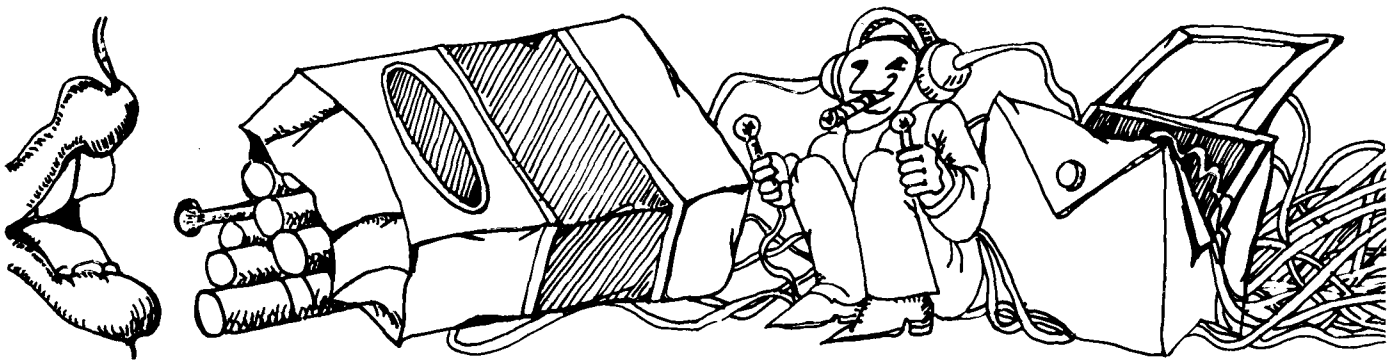

may not be the romantic world of detective fiction, but it isn't quite this tawdry world of detective fact either. Lipset has his quota of failures. (Not long ago he found that a young woman for whom he had been searching for seven months had been killed by convicted mass murderer Herbert Mullen within hours of first being reported missing.) But more often than not he gets results, and even when he doesn't, he brings a touch of class to his work nobody else in the business can match.

A friend once called him "a stagehand in the modern amorality play." If so, his first client of the day is the sort of Everywoman with whom he has become familiar over the years. A nervous young blonde in her mid-20s with an angry birthmark near her hairline and dark circles beneath her eyes, she gnaws at her nails and darts furtive looks at the attorney—a middle-aged woman in a well-tailored suit—who has brought her to Lipset's house. The client is the mother of two children recently spirited off by her ex-husband. Lipset has traced them to Virginia and has arranged for an associate in Washington, D.C., to spirit them back again.

As the woman fidgets, drags nervously on her cigarette, and itemizes all the things that can go wrong in a voice reaching for hysteria, Lipset works hard picking a speck of food off his tie. Then he pulls out a Royal Grenadier, inspects it carefully, wets it with his tongue, expertly slices the tip with a thumbnail, and lights up. Exhaling a thick cloud of blue smoke and blinking owlishly from behind his thick glasses, he lets the woman run on for a few more moments, then interrupts: "Okay, dear, now calm yourself. It's going to be fine. Just remember to do your part. Let's go over it once more to make sure you've got it. When you arrive in Washington, my guy will be there to meet you. I told him you'll be wearing a blue pinstriped suit. Okay. He'll get you at the airport and drive out to where the kids are. He's had the place staked out for a few days, and whoever's taking care of the children during the day brings them out in the afternoon to play at a park. When they come out of the house, you'll call them over to you. My guy will restrain the babysitter or anybody else who gets in the way. Once the kids are safely in the car, he'll drive you back to the airport and get you onto the plane. No sweat. Listen, the law's on *our* side, dear. I've been involved in some of these where it *wasn't*."

Finished with the lecture, he turns to the attorney, who has been minutely pushing the cuticle back from the half moons of her fingernails. "So. If everything goes smoothly, we'll meet again the day after tomorrow." She looks up and smiles archly. "What do you mean *if*?" He shrugs, "In life, my dear, things rarely go smoothly." She purrs, "True enough. If they did, you and I wouldn't be in business, would we?"

After escorting the women to the door, he walks back to his parlor desk saying to nobody in particular, "Another routine kidnapping."

[GOING INTO BUSINESS]

Harold Lipset was never a Fuller Brush salesman, but he did hope to be an advertising man, and left New Jersey to enroll in business administration at the University of California. Just before Pearl Harbor, he left school to enlist in the Army, graduated from Officers Candidate School as an M.P., and eventually volunteered for a new school of criminal investigation. It was taught by Melvin Purvis, the famed FBI man who had left the bureau because his celebrated manhunt of John Dillinger had led to a rivalry with Hoover. After completing Purvis's course, Lipset was put in charge of a team of investigators and assigned to accompany the U.S. Army units about to invade Europe.

He saw the war through the eyes of a detective, not a soldier, and came to expect as a matter of course that when a platoon hit a new town there would be at least two or three GIs who would sneak off from the fighting to go to local museums to cut the best canvasses out of their frames, or to loot the local stamp or coin shop, killing the owner if he got in their way. "Vietnam didn't surprise me," Lipset says, "not one damned bit. Not My Lai, not any of it. I saw it all years ago. There was one case I'll never forget. Two 101st Airborne men got this 82-year-old German woman and raped and then murdered her. I took that case and worked my ass off on it. I got them dead to rights too. But when I charged them, the commanding officer said in effect that they were just having a little R&R in between jumps. Stress, you know. He got them transferred to North Africa so they wouldn't have to stand trial. So these guys, as cold-blooded a pair of bastards as I've ever run into, are probably walking around someplace in business suits right now."

He was happy to get his discharge, and he returned to San Francisco to go to law school. But when his wife Lynn became pregnant, he went to work to support the family-to-be by doing the only thing he knew—investigation. First it was for the Office of Price Administration looking into

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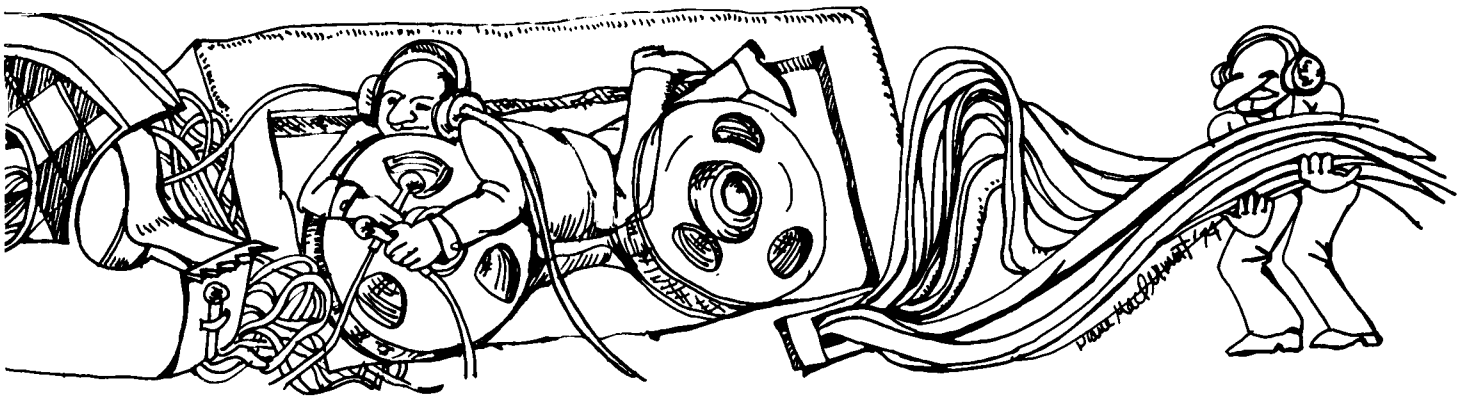

housing fraud; then he spent a few months with the Veterans Administration as an undercover agent in a Southern California hospital documenting snake-pit conditions in the psycho ward.

It was all right as a holding action, but as a career, detective work seemed impossible. "I was a good Jewish boy," he says, "and I wanted a profession." Given the examples he had run across in his first few months of gumshoeing, private investigation seemed to mean dingy waterfront offices with cigarette butts floating in the oil slick of stale coffee, kicking down motel doors to catch errant husbands and wives *in flagrante,* men in baggy suits serving summonses. (The game had changed since the days Sam Spade worked San Francisco.)

There was no way of predicting that in another 25 years crime would become a growth industry or that private investigation and security (and the equipment that goes with it) would become a $3 billion-a-year business; that although the money appropriated for public police would double every decade, armed men in Pinkerton or W. J. Burns uniforms would someday be the surrogate of the cop on the beat, standing in the lobbies of supermarkets and hotels while the growing force of urban lawmen struggled with paperwork and their odd obsession with non-victim crimes; or that fields like industrial espionage would soon be pioneered by enterprising criminals, creating a need for industrial counterspies of greater cunning.

But an old attorney friend of Lipset's advised him that lawyers were about to be overwhelmed with post-war paperwork and miasmic courtroom ritual, and the investigation they had once done to prepare their cases would now have to be taken over by others with professional training. And acting on the advice, Lipset decided to take a chance. He posted a $2,000 bond, proved that he had no felony convictions, got two reputable San Franciscans to vouch for him, and received his license. He and his wife (who would be an equal partner in the business until her sudden death in 1964) went into business for themselves.

Detesting detective fiction, Lipset didn't know then that the private eye has always been a creature of the city, thriving on its neuroses and able to deal with its multiple personalities. But during his own early years, Lipset intuitively made a point of getting to know San Francisco. He met most of the cops, got to know the reporters on the four daily papers (he is still on a first name basis with many of those left in that diminished world), and became as much at ease with the pimps and prostitutes of the Tenderloin (they are still valued contacts and he makes sure to get his name in the trickbook of every hooker in town) as with the brahmins of the opera and symphony. As one long time Lipset associate says, "Hal is successful for one main reason. He can pick up the phone and get information in three minutes it would take most other guys three days to get. When he started, other investigators were still sneaking around following people and that sort of thing. Hal became a businessman, which as it turned out was the smart thing to do in his field."

[ENTERING THE ELECTRONIC AGE]

The businessman in Lipset saw as with a jeweler's eye the potential in the post-war technology about to alter the course of investigation, along with the rest of American society. Like other detectives, he had gained competence in hiding microphones in a room and then recording the results next door. But he realized that there were much broader horizons in this electronic world when he crossed paths with Ralph Bertsche, a former engineer who had bounced from one job to another after leaving the Signal Corps, while looking for a way to support his exotic habit, which happened to be the construction of surveillance equipment. Seeing the possibilities in a marriage between *that* kind of electronics and investigation, Lipset brought Bertsche into the business.

Soon a mobile unit capable of penetrating homes to record conversations was parked in front of the elegant Pacific Avenue house. In the basement was an arsenal of weaponry more advanced than anything else in the "private sector." There were useful gimmicks: cigarette packs and table lighters housing miniature recorders; transmitters hidden in the clasp of a woman's purse with the aerial snaking up the shoulder strap; a bug discretely placed between the covers of a book. But there were also prototypes of the items that would soon be mass-marketed in investigators' trade journals and become journeymen's tools in what Justice Holmes had called "the dirty business": parabolic mikes; transmitters remotely controlled by radio or telephone signals, or using window glass as a conductor; recorders sensitive to incandescent light and thus triggered by house-lamps; long-lasting, battery-operated recording devices that could be deep-planted and left for a future recovery.

By the early Sixties this experimental gadgetry had become an integral part of the business. When Lipset got a divorce case, he routinely arranged for his client to record a

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conversation—the more incriminating the better—with the spouse. It was also at this time—when many of the same liberals who would later decry Watergate were in or around the Justice Department allowing *official* surveillance to take a quantum jump—that Lipset first began work at "de-bugging" those who felt (it was still considered either paranoia or hubris then) that they were being spied upon, tapped, or otherwise tampered with.

Yet as much as anything else, electronics was something Lipset used in his advertisements for himself to distinguish his firm from others still toiling in the Stone Age of investigation. *He* was the detective who scorned a gun, but might well have a high-fidelity, 11-ounce tape recorder (developed by the ingenious Bertsche from a CIA prototype) holstered under his arm. *True Detective* called him "the maestro of electronic detection." San Franciscans (some of whom would always remember attending a bugged party he gave where the evening's conversation was played back when the nightcaps went around) started referring to him as the Private Ear.

In some sense, it was a case of a showman finding his *schtick.* At one point in his 1959 appearance before a Senate committee inquiring into listening devices, Lipset, just asked by the incredulous committee chairman if recorders were really all that noiseless and easily concealed, peeled off his jacket and produced a flawless recording of the last half-hour's proceedings. In 1965, when testifying before the Subcommittee on Government Eavesdropping, Lipset startled Chairman Edward Long midway in the proceedings by suddenly telling him to look into the vase of roses in front of him. Long did, and found a thumbnail-sized transmitter the detective had hidden there. On the same occasion, Lipset unveiled Bertsche's working model of the bugged martini olive, whose alleged existence was just then agitating diplomatic circles from Moscow to the Potomac.

In 1967, California's legislature made it a felony to record conversations without the consent of all parties concerned, except in cases of an anticipated felony. Since conviction for such an offense would automatically cost him his license, Lipset gave Bertsche the nearly $50,000 worth of equipment they had accumulated over the years and set him up in an independent business Lipset Services could contract from when necessary.

(Working behind a false storefront in cramped quarters near the heart of the city, Bertsche is like a character from *The Conversation,* yet so totally absorbed in the technology of his work as to leave no time for qualms about its morality. He still develops bugging equipment, although he is discreet enough to claim that it is less for use "in the field" than in the war games he stages to tell him what "the opposition" is capable of and what to defend against. Surrounded by work tables full of small circuit boxes waiting to have intestines of wires and transistors transplanted into them, he spends his days building arcane devices for industrial security systems and "countermeasures" against eavesdropping, talking about it all like a weaponry expert for SALT. Requests for de-bugging "sweeps," he claims, have more than doubled in the bull market for paranoia and legitimate fears created by Watergate.)

Now an elder statesman in the electronic cold war that was going long before Liddy's gang was caught, Lipset sees the question in wholly pragmatic terms, which has led to bitter debates with Edward Bennett Williams and other constitutional lawyers and continues to exasperate his cronies in San Francisco's liberal establishment. He is against eavesdropping, which he defines as the secret interception of a conversation by a third party without knowledge or consent of the other two; but he is not opposed to one person secretly recording his conversation with another. (Perversely true to his convictions, Lipset went on a local television tape show to defend the President the day of Alexander Butterfield's revelations about Nixon's taping system.)

For years he has been arguing in behalf of this viewpoint, trying to persuade attorneys, judges, and his miscellany of friends that a person cannot be prohibited from invading his or her *own* privacy; for years they have accused him of solipsism. But today he gleefully holds up a news clipping in which Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen admits that Justice Department investigators use concealed tape recorders for "consensual monitoring" on more than 1,000 suspected criminals a year, justifying the secret recording of conversations (which evade the need to get a court order for wiretapping) by the argument that the agent has *consented* to recording his own conversation. "What burns me," Lipset says, "is that they didn't make the law the same for both sides. I'd feel differently if they put the law enforcement people under the consent recording law, but they didn't. I should have the same weapons to prove some poor bastard's innocence that the cops or feds do to prove his guilt. In my job, I deal with real people and questions of life and death, not abstract morality. I'm already laboring under a big enough handicap in that I don't have a badge to intimidate witnesses into cooperating with me."

The crackdown on electronics required readjustment, but while bugging had been integrated into his daily operations, it had never played a central role or even been involved in many of his major cases. Electronics was not involved in his 1965 case when a leading San Francisco jewelry firm found over a million dollars' worth of diamonds missing one morning along with a German-born clerk and retained Lipset at $25,000 (plus expenses) to track her down in an odyssey that eventually touched Cologne, Paris, Brussels, and finally the Canary Islands, where he finally caught up with the woman and her American husband and got a chance to bring home a few boxes of his favorite cigars. Bugging was not a part of the 1971 case when the District Attorney of Nassau County hired Lipset to investigate reports of brutality and corruption in his county jail. With everyone inside (including many guards) either involved or intimidated, Lipset conducted hundreds of interviews to select 15 men and women to be infiltrated into the jail for a collective term of better than a year. The evidence they gathered led to a grand jury investigation and indictments against prisoners like Paul Vario, a *capo* in the Tramunti family and "godfather" of the jail, and also against 24 guards on charges ranging from sodomy to pushing drugs.

Lipset went into the Watergate investigation without electronics. When he arrived in Washington to work for the Senate in March 1973, little more had been done than clip-

(Continued on page 50)

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Henri Bureau/Sygma

Portugal: Who Will Rule?

"General, I surrender the government to you. You must take care. You must take control. I am frightened by the idea of power loose in the streets."

—Deposed Premier Caetano to General Spinola

The coup which toppled Portugal's antiquated fascist regime this year was the fruit of diverse military conspiracies which may have coincided to remove the Caetano government, but for little else. The hybrid character of the coup was evident right from the beginning. The signal for the tanks to roll toward strongpoints in the capital was given by playing a banned song by Zeca Alfonso, the Portuguese Bob Dylan, on Radio Club Portuguesa. The young officers of the Armed Forces Movement (MFA) could be sure that they would all recognize it. However as the day wore on, other military units joined in and other radio stations were taken over. From these, more conventional accompaniments of a pronunciamento were to be heard—military music and appeals to the population to remain calm and keep off the streets.

The first moves against the Caetano regime were made by the MFA itself, but there were vital military units they did not control—in Angola, in Northern Portugal, in Lisbon itself. The leaders of the MFA felt that if they were to avoid civil war it was necessary to secure the support of at least two prominent generals, Antonio de Spinola and Fransisco de Costa Gomes, both of whom Caetano had dismissed the previous month. On the morning of April 25 Caetano himself sought refuge in the headquarters of the Republican National Guard (GNR), a specialized military formation set up to be the regime's last line of defense. The MFA already controlled most of the capital and they dispatched units of the Second Lancers Regiment to surround the GNR headquarters. A radio station announced Caetano's presence in this building and crowds began to gather

by Robin Blackburn

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outside it as well as outside the headquarters of the PIDE, the detested political police.

Caetano sent an emissary to Spinola indicating that he was prepared to hand over power peacefully but only to a responsible recipient. General Spinola had already been contacted by the MFA but refused to act on their behalf until they could produce an officer of the rank of colonel or above who could reassure him on the general aims of the movement. According to the account of Feytor Pinto, the emissary sent by Caetano, the MFA had some difficulty in finding a colonel to represent them. (Pinto must be rated an authoritative witness of these events—formerly Caetano's director of information services he now works in the same capacity for Spinola.)

However, by late afternoon Spinola duly arrived at the Quartel do Carmo and was immediately taken to him: "General, I surrender the government to you. You must take care. You must keep control. I am frightened by the idea of power loose in the streets." The shouts of the crowd outside could be clearly heard. According to Feytor Pinto this encounter was "a meeting of two gentlemen, of two friends who respect each other and who share a great sense of honor and responsibility." Caetano then left in an armored car hiding him from the waiting crowd.

Meanwhile, agents of the PIDE, barricaded in their headquarters, had fired on the crowd outside, killing two and wounding many more. All over Lisbon known agents of the PIDE were the first targets of popular hostility against the crumbling fascist order and the crowds outside the PIDE headquarters grew, chanting "Down with Fascism," "Release all the Prisoners," "Shoot the PIDE." At 1:30 in the morning of April 26, General Spinola appeared on television and read a proclamation in the name of the MFA. It announced the formation of a Junta of National Salvation with Spinola as president. At 8 p.m. that day, Caetano and the former president, Americo Thomas, left under guard for the island of Madeira; an hour and a half later the agents in the PIDE headquarters surrendered to the surrounding military units.

All that day and for days to follow Lisbon and the other main centers erupted in a spontaneous carnival of liberation. The MFA were evidently surprised at this instantaneous popular acclaim just as they were surprised at the ease with which they had attained the cooperation of military units not initially involved in their plot.

[THE MAKING OF A COUP]

The immediate reasons for unrest in the armed forces, and in the population as a whole, are easy to identify. The wars in Guinea, Angola and Mozambique had dragged on for more than a decade at a cost of over 60,000 casualties. Portugal is the poorest country in Western Europe, with an average annual income of only $720 per person—a figure which itself conceals grotesque inequalities. It has nine million inhabitants but was supporting an army of 200,000, three-quarters of them in Africa. Over half the budget was taken up by military expenditure, depriving education and other social services of desperately needed resources. Infant mortality rates in Portugal are twice as high as those in France. Portugal, the self-appointed champion of "civilization" in Africa, has an adult illiteracy rate of 40 percent. During 1973 the problems confronting the mass of Portuguese were exacerbated by an inflation rate of 21 percent, the second highest in Europe, after Greece.

But although social conditions in Portugal had stagnated, the economy had not. Portugal's annual rate of growth averaged a respectable six percent a year over the last decade, reflecting a big shift from agriculture to industry and services. Salazar, founder of the Portuguese corporate state, pursued an intensely protectionist policy encouraging the growth of three or four large consortia which dominate the Portuguese economy: CUF (Companhia Uniao Fabril), Champalimaud and the Espirito Santo group. In the early Sixties, however, the cost of the colonial wars persuaded Salazar to relax barriers against the import of foreign capital. The large Portuguese consortia welcomed the opportunity to reach agreements with the major imperialist corporations and pressed for closer integration into the European Common Market. The foreign stake in Portuguese industry grew from 1.5 percent in 1960 to 27 percent in 1970. To defend their colonial empire, the rulers of Portugal were forced to allow the multinationals to colonize major sections of industry.

Just as momentous as the growth of industry and foreign investment was a sea change in the pattern of Portugal's foreign trade. Between 1960 and 1969 the proportion of Portugal's exports taken by the colonies fell from 43 percent to 25 percent. The transfer of power from Salazar to Caetano in 1969 was accompanied by an acceleration of these trends. By 1973 the proportion of Portugal's exports taken by the colonies had dropped to 15 percent and the proportion of imports coming from these territories to 10 percent. Europe accounted for two-thirds of both imports and exports. The European orientation of the economy was heavily underlined by a massive export of labor. By 1973 the number of Portuguese emigrants to Europe had risen to one-and-a-half million; nearly a sixth of the total population.

These developments severely undermined the economic rationale of the colonial empire and set the scene for the competing military conspiracies of the last year. Most of the big consortia wished to wind up the colonial empire or at least translate it into some less burdensome neocolonial arrangement. But naturally there were powerful interests who still resisted this solution—not only the swollen retinue of colonial officials but also those enterprises which relied on the forced labor of African workers.

But by 1973, widespread reports of Portuguese massacres in Angola had increased the international isolation of the Caetano regime. NATO might continue to supply the Portuguese Armed Forces, but the odium attaching to Portugal's colonial wars was an obstacle to smooth integration into the Common Market.

The conspiracy of the Armed Forces Movement had its origin in a rather narrow issue. Some 200 career officers—mostly lieutenants and captains—met in October 1973 to oppose a Caetano decree offering conscript officers more rapid promotion. Portugal's colonial wars in Africa had placed a heavy burden on the middle-ranking regulars who led troops in the field. Most of the original MFA officers

Photo preceding page: General Spinola arriving at the Ministry of Defense

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had served at least two or three tours of duty in Africa. They soon discovered many sources of discontent beyond the narrowly professional question which brought them together. By January 1974 they were circulating a draft program which demanded immediate independence for the colonies and full democratization for Portugal itself. For reasons of security the network of the MFA was not extended much outside the original nucleus.

Military conspiracy number two centered on the figure of Antonio de Spinola, whom Caetano appointed as deputy chief of staff. Spinola argued the impossibility of a military solution in Africa and urged a neocolonial federation of Portugal and the African territories. Spinola, with his monocle and swagger stick, was a well-known figure to the Portuguese public. He had been built up as a war hero after his front line exploits as governor of Guinea in 1971-72. Since he fought with Franco's forces in the Spanish Civil War and was with the Nazi forces laying siege to Stalingrad, he was an improbable sponsor of any real challenge to the corporate system. A former director of the Champalimaud group, he stood for the European orientation as well as a neocolonial solution in Africa. Spinola's backing was sufficiently powerful to permit the publication of his book, *Portugal and Its Future,* in February of this year, though Caetano probably opposed the proposals it outlined.

But publication of the book immediately sparked a crisis within the regime, and in less than a month Spinola and his sympathizer, General Costa Gomes, the chief of staff, were dismissed from their posts. The dismissal of Costa Gomes was probably a more dangerous move than that of Spinola since he was more widely respected in the middle and upper ranks of the military establishment. On March 15, young officers of the Fifth Infantry Regiment at Caldas da Raina mutinied and marched on Lisbon, demanding the reinstatement of Costa Gomes and Spinola. On arrival at the capital they were checked and surrounded. This uncoordinated outbreak led to a lurch to the right within the regime. However, it seems that despite its failure, the revolt at Caldas da Raina revealed to the leaders of the MFA that there were many units prepared to move against the regime and few forces on whose loyalty it could count.

[RED FLAGS AND FLOWERS]

Because the MFA did not consider that a smooth transition could be made on April 25 without securing the support of Spinola and Costa Gomes, the latter was reappointed to the post from which he had been dismissed only six weeks before. The junta that was announced on April 26 consisted of top brass, in order to preserve unity in the armed forces both in Portugal and in Africa. However, the MFA also insisted on the formation of a largely civilian provisional government, representing the most important opposition parties, including the Communist Party. Had it not enjoyed a strong position in terms of effective military force the MFA would have been unable to insist on this condition.

So far as the mass of Portuguese were concerned the days following April 25 were tumultuously welcomed as the end of nearly half a century of stifling repression and authoritarianism. Red carnations, spontaneously adopted as the emblem of this liberation, were pressed by a grateful citizenry on every soldier in sight. When Alvaro Cunhal, the veteran Communist leader, returned from exile on April 30, soldiers invited him to address the welcoming crowd at the airport from their armored car. On May 1, over a million people filled the streets of Lisbon: red carnations and red flags mingled with posters calling for immediate decolonization and democratization. These were, of course, precisely the goals proclaimed by the program of the MFA, but the pact made on April 25 with Spinola and Costa Gomes was to hobble the first steps made towards them.

Portuguese society had been bound and gagged for 48 years. The overthrow of Caetano gave the signal for a generalized assault on the structures of the corporate state in every area of social life. Teachers, journalists, doctors, writers, not to speak of the great mass of urban and rural workers, began to call in question the structures which the old regime had imposed upon them. The program of the MFA called for a *saneamento*—a cleaning out of all who collaborated with fascism. In the case of many professional associations and trade unions the old executive was simply suspended and the premises occupied by those who had been active in the democratic opposition. Crowds gathered outside the PIDE jail at Caxias demanding the immediate release of all prisoners, and after a swift intervention by the MFA the order for their release was given.

Even before the coup there had been a wave of strikes provoked by the exceptional rate of inflation; between December 1973 and April 1974 there were 44 major disputes. Because of the absence of proper trade unions, and the close cooperation between police and management, these strikes involved widespread victimization of militants. In the aftermath of April 25 there was to be a wave of strikes pressing the original claims and demanding the reinstatement of those who had been sacked. During May, important strikes broke out in textiles, shipbuilding, chemicals, electronics, insurance, and banking. In most cases these strikes were run by elected strike committees directly

Portuguese troops in northern Angola

Pictorial Parade

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Sygma

Young Portuguese under the watchful eye of the MFA during the bloodless coup d'état

answerable to mass meetings of the workers involved. When the Lisbon bus workers went on strike they kept the buses running but refused to accept fares. These strikes were mainly directed against the larger Portuguese companies and against subsidiaries of the multinationals. In the prevailing atmosphere many managements decided to make concessions to the workers which they had refused to consider a month or two before.

This rash of workers' actions was highly alarming to the junta and the Provisional Government, including Avelino Pacheco Goncalves, the Communist Minister of Labor. The Communist Party was implacably hostile to all strikes during this period. In the hope of heading off the strike movement the government announced a new national minimum wage of 3,300 escudos ($150) a month. Though this sum was nowhere near the 6,000 escudos which the Communist Party itself had been calling for up to April 25, it still represented a big increase for a large number of lower-paid workers—comprising perhaps a third of the urban work force, though agricultural workers and domestics were excluded from the minimum wage provision. But the minimum wage was itself to provide the source of further strikes, adding to the ferment which was already cleaning out notorious collaborators in government departments,

Streets of Lisbon, April 25, 1974

Sygma

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factories, TV studios, and newspaper offices.

On May 7 the case was dismissed against the "Three Marias," authors of the *New Portuguese Letters,* an eloquent feminist symposium which Caetano had sought to suppress. A movement for the repeal of the divorce laws was initiated (at present divorce is denied altogether to those married in church). The lifting of the censorship allowed an animated debate on these and other issues to be pursued in the press for the first time in two generations. Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin* had its Lisbon premiere and was a great popular success. Marx and Lenin figured prominently in best seller lists—the main competition coming from American sex manuals. Even in the midday sun queues could be seen outside *Last Tango in Paris.*

[A FITTING IRONY]

It is a fitting irony that the long, dark night of fascism, the most extreme form of bourgeois domination, should have destroyed or discredited nearly every potential instrument of bourgeois restabilization. The Portuguese ruling class does not have at its disposal those familiar instruments of manipulation and mystification to be found in advanced capitalist countries. The most right-wing party of consequence is the PPD, which proclaims itself a social democratic organization. Although there are certainly significant areas of the country where practically nothing has changed—this would be particularly true of rural areas in the north—there is still as yet no viable political expression for these restorationist forces. Lacking such a focus, the right wing of the armed forces themselves play this role. The turbulence of May greatly alarmed one such member of the junta, Air Force General Galvao de Melo: "Freedom does not mean releasing terrorists who have no fatherland and making them into national heroes, nor encouraging manhunts, gratuitous insults, physical abuse, sacking of houses, affronts to the values of family and morality," he warned on May 27.

Volkhart Müller/Liaison

Although much in Portuguese life has been, and is being, transformed, the real liberation inaugurated by April 25 has been drastically curtailed by the compact with the military hierarchy. To be sure, where the MFA had a presence at the time of the coup they have been able to extend and consolidate it, even though the generals, brigadiers, and colonels remain in titular command. The biggest changes have been in the navy. On April 29 there was a meeting of 700 naval officers who proclaimed support for the MFA and secured the removal of 82 admirals and vice-admirals. But apart from this purge of the naval top brass, the process of *saneamento* has barely affected the armed forces—the main pillar of Portuguese fascism. The command structure of the air force is virtually unchanged and the MFA does not have a strong position even at the lower levels. The praetorian guard of the fascist regime, the GNR, has survived virtually intact, as has the PSP, the main police force. It is perhaps significant that Spinola is a former deputy commander of the GNR and Costa Gomes a former commander.

Despite these ominous signs of regression, there was still progress on those issues of central concern to the MFA. When united it could still overrule Spinola. In mid-June Spinola declared that decolonization would inevitably be a long process. He was supported in this view by Palma Carlos, the prime minister, who had been alarmed by the pace of decolonization in Africa and by every expression of popular effervescence in Portugal itself. Spinola himself began touring the crucial military bases in an attempt to consolidate his position.

These moves brought to a head a crisis which led to the fall of the first Provisional Government on July 9. The second Provisional Government greatly increased representation of the MFA, with its leader, Vasco Goncalves, appointed prime minister, and six cabinet ministers drawn from the MFA Coordinating Committee. The decisive issue in this restructuring of the government had been the commitment to decolonization. The liberation movements refused to agree to a cease-fire until the Portuguese government clearly committed itself to full and speedy independence. Following the formation of the second provisional government such commitments were made for Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique.

The entry of the MFA leadership into major government posts removed them from continuous contact with their units and confronted them with problems for which they were quite unprepared. They had been saddled with responsibility for the intractable problems of Portuguese capitalism and yet they were not ready for any anticapitalist solution.

It is far from clear whether the supporters of the MFA—including the large number of radicalized conscript officers—will long allow themselves to remain agents of capitalist restabilization. However, it is this ignominious role which has been thrust upon them. The most urgent problem confronting the second Provisional Government was that of securing reliable instruments for implementing its policies. Instead of stimulating and organizing the *saneamento* "from below," the MFA sought to overcome this problem

(Continued on page 53)

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Portuguese Decolonization: What Next for Southern Africa?

The April coup in Portugal has abruptly changed the balance of power in southern Africa. South Africa, the most powerful and wealthy country south of the Sahara, and the key to continued white domination of the lower end of the continent, is about to lose the security buffer long maintained by Portugal in Angola and Mozambique. And although few observers doubted that Portugal would one day have to give up its troublesome African colonies, it is safe to say that South Africa did not expect the situation on its northern border to be transformed so suddenly.

As South Africa faces north, it is at the same time beset with internal difficulties. The cracks in the *apartheid* system, or what the government now prefers to call "parallel development," have begun to appear more clearly. Because of the government's policy of restricting skilled employment to whites, there is a drastic shortage of skilled workers; and as a result of pressure from leading industrialists, the government has been forced to ease restrictions on black employment. During the past two years, black workers have gone on strike in huge numbers, in spite of the fact that these strikes were illegal. Not much is known about how and by whom these strikes were organized. The government, facing greater worker unrest, was forced to make concessions to black workers by allowing them the right to strike (admittedly under very limiting conditions) and increasing black wages in key industries (although white wages were raised at the same time).

The government's "homelands" policy is also not working as well as the ruling regime expected. This policy consisted of setting aside areas throughout South Africa (13 percent of the land for 80 percent of the population) for the various black ethnic groups as defined by the government, and the creation of black-run legislative councils

by Louis Freedberg

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within these "homelands." Blacks could then be removed from the white urban areas and allowed back only when needed as workers for white employers. The leaders of some legislative councils, previously regarded as government stooges, have denounced the government in increasingly strong terms, and are demanding more land, more control over their own defense, more money, and generally greater independence from the Pretoria regime. The government last month lost control of the legislative council it had created for the Cape Coloureds, and was forced to shut it down for the remainder of the year. All this has made a mockery of the government's contention that the majority of blacks support its segregationist policies. Moreover, there is virtually no employment within the "homelands" and the government is being forced to allow in white industry to create more jobs for blacks, something that the government had vowed it would never do.

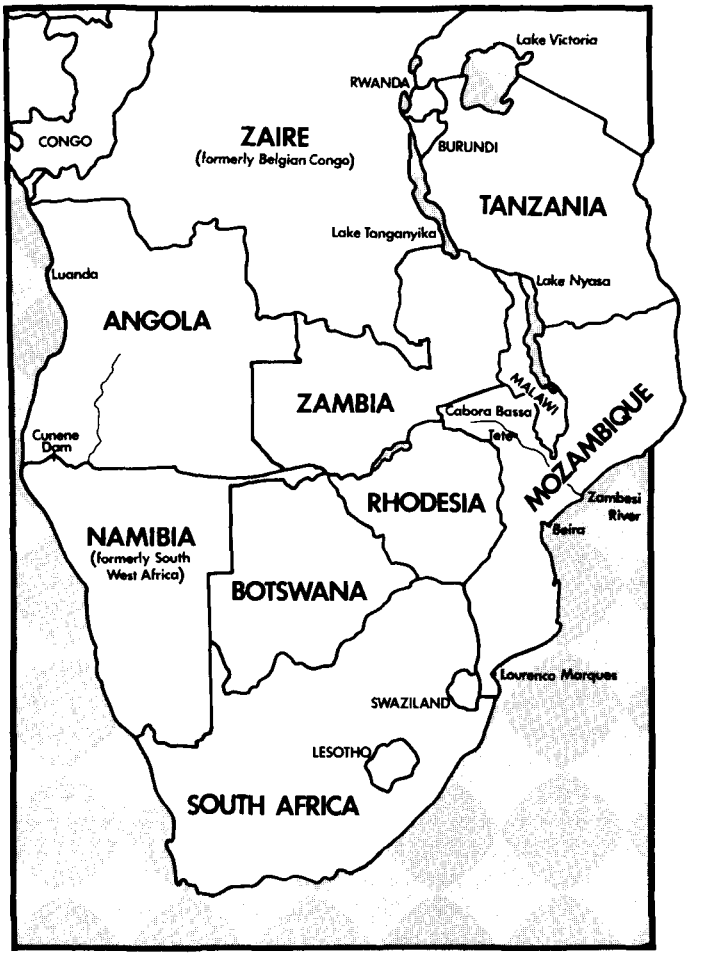
On the white political scene, the Nationalist Party still has firm control of the all-white parliament. But at the same time the traditional solidarity of Afrikaans-speaking whites is breaking down, as some right-wing Afrikaners have defected from the Nationalists because of its "concessions" to blacks, and some intellectual Afrikaners have joined the more liberal and predominately English-speaking Progressive Party. During the last general elections in April, the Progressives, with only one representative in parliament for the past 13 years, increased this number to seven. While significant change is not likely to come from the white electorate, the impression is that the white power structure is not quite as monolithic as it was five years ago.

In foreign affairs, the situation in Rhodesia has become an embarrassment to the South African government. Prime Minister Ian Smith has refused totally to accommodate to black demands, and with the white population outnumbered 23 times by blacks, a decline in white immigration, and the continuing economic sanctions, white control in Rhodesia is increasingly fragile. South Africa is being forced to support Rhodesia on every level—militarily as well as economically—and this is difficult in view of Rhodesia's negative position in the international community and South Africa's attempts to improve its image in that community. With the closing down of Rhodesia's rail links through Mozambique to Lourenco Marques and Beira, most Rhodesian exports and imports will have to go through South African ports. This will put an additional burden on the already overcrowded South African ports and railway lines. Thus, while South Africans do not suggest that Smith hand over power to blacks, they feel that he should at least create the impression that he is dealing with the realities of the situation.

In addition to these difficulties, the changes in the Portuguese colonial empire have to be dealt with. South Africa's official response to the imminent independence of Mozambique and Angola has been noncommittal. Following its customary line that it does not interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, South Africa says it is prepared to deal with black governments in the former Portuguese colonies if they are "friendly" governments. *Die Burger,* official organ of the ruling Nationalist Party, noted in a recent editorial that Frelimo is already the *de facto* authority in most parts of Mozambique and that South Africans will have to become accustomed to these changing realities.

But at the same time, increases in South African military spending were announced this summer at the opening of the parliamentary session. (In 1971-72, the defense budget was $330 million, in 1972-73 it was $450 million, and in 1973-74 it was be $675 million; in 1974-75 it will be $900 million.) The newspapers give front-page coverage daily to events in the colonies, particularly those having to do with rebellious blacks. Newspaper advertisements appeal for donations to "help our boys fight the terrorists." At present, all white males are drafted to serve in the army, and there is talk of increasing this period to two years. Increasingly, draftees are being sent to the northern border to combat guerrilla attacks. Conscientious objection is not allowed on any grounds, and many Jehovah's Witnesses are now in prison for refusing to serve. The South African Council of Churches, representing both black and white Anglican churches, recently passed a resolution encouraging resistance to the draft, on the grounds that "Christians should not fight in defence of an unjust society such as South Africa."

Opposition of this kind is decidedly a minority position. The Anglican church is being accused of promoting terrorism and communism, while the Ministry of Justice has introduced legislation—almost certain to pass—that will outlaw future advocacy of draft resistance. The specter of war



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on the border, added to South Africa's increasing sense of international isolation, will no doubt draw the white population closer together. Yet white South Africans are also becoming aware that the long-term odds are against them, and that they will eventually have to come to terms with black Africa.

[GOOD NEIGHBORS OR BAD]

South Africa's future relationships with Angola and Mozambique will be defined primarily on economic grounds, and seen on these terms, differences between the two countries are striking. Angola is potentially a fantastically wealthy country, with vast mineral and oil resources still to be discovered, with the help of American corporations such as Standard Oil and Texaco. Currently, Angola's chief asset is oil, but coffee, diamonds and iron ore are also important sources of income. In other words, Angola has the means to be economically independent and would be free to define its own relations with South Africa after Portugal pulls out.

In contrast, Mozambique is in desperate economic straits. Its most valuable export, cashew nuts, represents about 80 percent of the total world supply and is subject to wide variations in market price. Inflation is rampant and there is a perpetual trade deficit. Consequently, Mozambique is dependent economically on good relations with South Africa. The South African tourists are one of Mozambique's greatest sources of income, providing $15 million a year. Another steady source of income is tariffs on goods sent by South African Railways to the Mozambique port of Lourenco Marques—about 25,000 tons a day. Most important, however, are the 100,000 black workers from Mozambique who are employed in the South African gold mines. In the past, the mining companies have, through the South African government, paid a certain amount in gold to Portugal in return for these workers. This gold was paid at the official gold price of $42 per ounce; since the two-tier gold system came into effect a few years ago, the Portuguese were selling it on the free market at $180 per ounce, generating an annual revenue of $50 million. Only a small percentage of this income found its way back to Mozambique. But in June of this year, Mozambique authorities stopped a shipment of gold bound for Portugal, claiming it for themselves. From now on, South Africa will pay gold directly to Mozambique. In addition to payments in gold, the mines pay Mozambique workers part of their wages in South Africa and the rest when they return home, bringing more badly needed foreign capital into the territory.

The mine workers will be as important politically as they are economically to any future government in Mozambique. Even Frelimo, the liberation movement that will take over the administration of Mozambique, will hesitate to prevent them from working in the South African mines, for fear that it would lose the support of these men and their families. Most of the workers come from the southern part of Mozambique, the very area where Frelimo has least support. When President Kenneth Kaunda prevented Zambian workers from going to South Africa (only 5000 of them) he lost, and has never regained, the support of the area from which the workers came.

The issue of whether Frelimo will or will not break off relations with South Africa after independence has become an increasingly contentious one within Frelimo's own ranks. According to latest reports, a split has occurred around this very issue, with some taking the pragmatic line that relations with South Africa are essential for the time being at least, while others argue that no revolutionary government should have anything to do with South Africa. But it is likely that no government in Mozambique, however revolutionary, could survive without economic ties to South Africa.

[WATER AND POWER]

But what about South Africa? Can it manage without Angola and Mozambique? The key word here is *water*. South Africa is integrally involved in two multimillion-dollar water-and-power projects—one in Angola, the Cunene River Project, and the other in Mozambique, the Cabora Bassa Project. These are part of plans to create a common electricity grid covering the whole of Southern Africa. In Swaziland a thermal power station is being built; in Lesotho the Oxbow River hydroelectric system is under construction. Cabora Bassa is the largest of these plans, and was supposed to supply eight percent of South Africa's power needs. South Africa has invested huge sums of money in the project, and South African technicians and engineers are still involved.

Yet if it becomes necessary, South Africa could do without the potential power source at Cabora Bassa. Since the coup in Portugal, the government in Pretoria has announced plans to build yet another massive hydroelectric plant—this time inside South African borders. Complicating the situation is the discovery of mineral deposits of great potential just south of the Cabora Bassa area—an area of Mozambique where South African corporations, as well as the government-controlled steel corporation, are already heavily invested. Also, the coal mines in Mozambique's Tete province were expected to supply South Africa with a million tons of coal annually. (Until now, heavy guerrilla activity there has effectively blocked production.) But again, if political developments in Mozambique go against South Africa, it could presumably manage without Mozambique's mineral resources.

Facing their dependence upon 100,000 immigrant workers from Mozambique, South African mining companies are in the process of becoming much more mechanized and automated. The mining companies are also trying to attract greater numbers of workers from inside South Africa. (At present only 26 percent of mine workers are from South Africa.) They have launched extensive recruiting campaigns in the government-created black "homelands" and are also putting pressure on the government to allow black workers to be accompanied by their families when they come to work in the mines, contrary to present government policy. In the short run, it is uncertain whether the migrant workers from Mozambique can be so easily replaced; for that matter, it may not be necessary as long as a future Frelimo government accepts a measure of economic cooperation with the South Africans. But the South Africans are also protecting themselves against a less hopeful turn of events.

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Gold mine dumps outside Johannesburg

Salgado Junior/Sygma

Miners in South African gold fields

Pictorial Parade

Center: Portuguese-trained commandos

Bottom: Frelimo soldiers cheered by citizens in Mozambique

Salgado Junior/Sygma

Macua tribesmen in northern Mozambique

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South Africa's relationship with Angola is far more problematical. The Cunene River Project, on the border of Angola and South West Africa (renamed Namibia by liberation groups and now by the United Nations, which has insisted unsuccessfully that South Africa relinquish control of its old League of Nations trusteeship), is mostly inside Angola. Angola's Gove Dam, at the headwaters of the Cunene, controls the flow of water in the Cunene on its 1500-mile course to the Atlantic Ocean and is vital to the success of the whole project. Not surprisingly, South Africa is most heavily involved in the financing of the Gove Dam, and has full control over the Ruacana Falls Dam and Power Station, which are the two most important parts of the system.

The Cunene project is supposed to supply both water and electricity to all parts of Namibia through a vast network of pipe and power lines. Namibia is a vast desert-like area, with virtually no water and few roads. Towns are hundreds of miles apart. The power network from the Cunene was designed to meet both civilian needs in the towns and to develop diamond, copper and other mines in various parts of the country. One of Cunene's first customers, if the project gets off the ground, will be the Tsumeb Corporation, the U.S.-controlled nickel and copper conglomerate in Northern Namibia—and the largest employer in the territory. Another customer will be the uranium mines at Rossing, which may eventually help South Africa to produce its own nuclear weapons.

All in all, the Cunene River Project seems to be crucial to the economic development of Namibia. The only alternative is to supply power from South Africa, which would be a much more expensive operation. In fact, South Africa probably lacks sufficient surplus power to be able to supply Namibia as well as meeting its own domestic needs. But South Africa runs a much greater risk of losing this project than it does of losing the less essential Cabora Bassa, because Angola has relatively little economic need for cooperation with the white regime to the south.

[A MATTER OF SECURITY]

Strategically, control of the Cunene River Project is equally important to South Africa, a key to maintaining political control over the vast, underpopulated territory of Namibia. In the first place, the extensive borders between Angola and Nambia, which extend for thousands of miles across some of the most desolate country in the world, are virtually impossible to control militarily. The indigenous inhabitants of the area, the Ovambos, know the area and its conditions much better than the South African army ever could. Ovambos live on either side of the border, and there is a fair amount of traffic in both directions. The South African government is afraid that with a revolutionary black government in Angola, not only would guerrilla fighters be able to slip across the border into Namibia, but more importantly, members of the South West African Peoples Organization (SWAPO), the main liberation movement in Namibia, would be able to go to Angola, Zambia and other African countries for training.

Once SWAPO gets a foothold in Namibia, it will be difficult to stop. The government is obviously eager to stop any revolutionary activity at its source—and the most likely source is on Namibia's northern borders. What makes the situation more dangerous for the South African government is that the Ovambos live in this area, and the Ovambos are resisting increasingly the administrative structure which has been imposed on them. During the past two years Ovambo workers in mines and other white-owned industries have gone on strike in huge numbers. Little is known about who organized these strikes, and how they were organized—but they were unexpected. The government cracked down hard, strike leaders were imprisoned, workers sent home, some demonstrators shot. Not unexpectedly, military operations in the north have been stepped up considerably since the April coup in Portugal.

All of this suggests that if South Africa is going to intervene anywhere, it will be in Angola. A conceivable scenario would be an incursion a few miles into Angola, both to maintain a hold on the Cunene River Project and to have more control over the northern border. On the other hand, the government might be tempted to cooperate with a revolutionary black government, and hopefully not be shut out completely from the Cunene Project. At the same time, South Africa would have to increase its control—and this would be military control—inside Namibia, inevitably bringing the South African administration into greater conflict with SWAPO.

It is unclear at present what the position of the multinational corporations in Angola and Namibia will be; these corporations have in the past opted for stability, whatever the race of the ruling government. At this point, a white government in Angola cannot offer stability, and the corporations might discourage South Africa from intervening in Angola and thereby threatening their own best interests. If the experience in other African countries is any indication, multi-national corporations have not suffered as a result of blacks coming to power. The corporations would, however, favor increased South African surveillance and control in Namibia itself.

But stability is still a long way off in Angola, because of the fragmented nature of the liberation movements there. The hope of the South African government, and presumably of Portugal as well—undoubtedly loathe to give up altogether its wealthiest colony—would be to make use of the conflict between the various liberation groups, and attempt to place a moderate black government into power. But whatever the outcome, Namibia may very well be the next battleground in Southern Africa, once the situation in Angola and Mozambique has been more or less settled.

The changes in Portugal and its African colonies have come so suddenly that to make definite prophesies about the outcome would be foolish at this point. But those changes are clearly the most momentous to have occurred in Southern Africa this century. The next moves are up to South Africa, but its options are much more limited than one might have calculated by drawing up a balance sheet of military and economic prowess. A historical shift of power may be only in its early stages, but it is hard to deny that the first gentle breezes of the "winds of change" are making themselves felt in South Africa.

Louis Freedberg is an ex-South African currently living in America. Last summer he revisited South Africa.

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Meet Ms. Caucus

I live in a city that has only a few major failings — and one of them is that there are no newspapers that carry "Doonesbury" in their comics sections. So I came late to Garry Trudeau and his characters, heard about them at a party in Washington, when a woman friend told me all about someone named Joanie Caucus. Ms. Caucus. I sat through the conversation smiling patiently, humoring my friend, because I did not believe her. Joanie Caucus, she told me, was funny. Genuinely funny. It seemed to me that the likelihood of that was next to impossible.

I should point out that I am not one of those who believe that there is nothing to laugh at about the women's movement; in fact there is plenty to laugh about without in any way putting down the movement, and I become downright irritable when I read lengthy feminist tracts justifying the women's movement's lack of a sense of humor. "How can we laugh when we're so oppressed?" That kind of thing. It seems to me that the exact opposite is true: how can we *not* laugh when we're so oppressed. In spite of what I feel about the women's movement, in spite of the huge role it has played in my life, there are aspects of it that are just plain funny. Not at the time. I have to say that. But afterward, when I think that I spent days, weeks even, discussing who was going to sort the

Cartoons by Gary Trudeau

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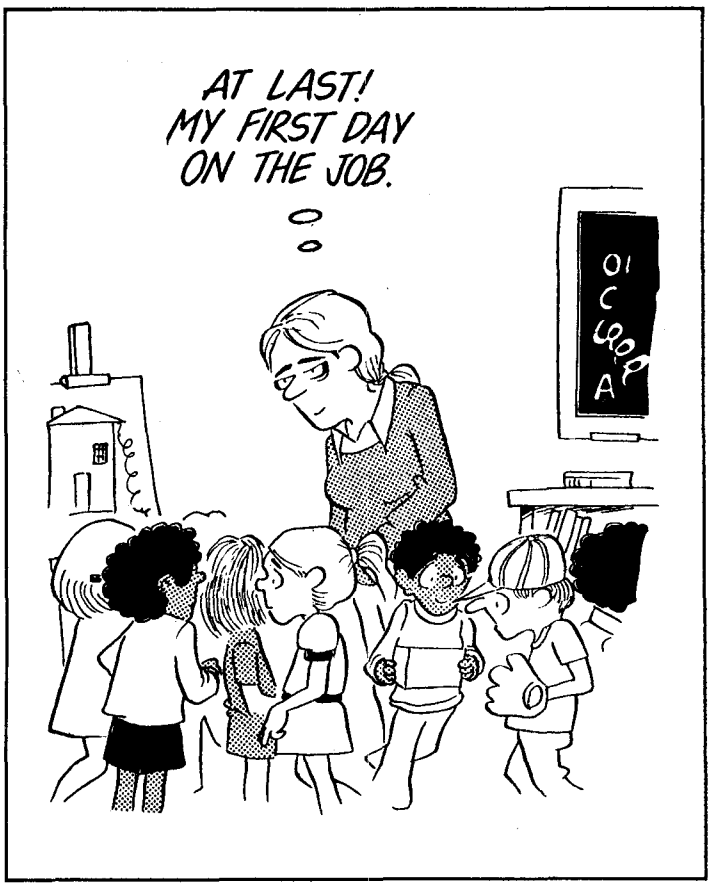

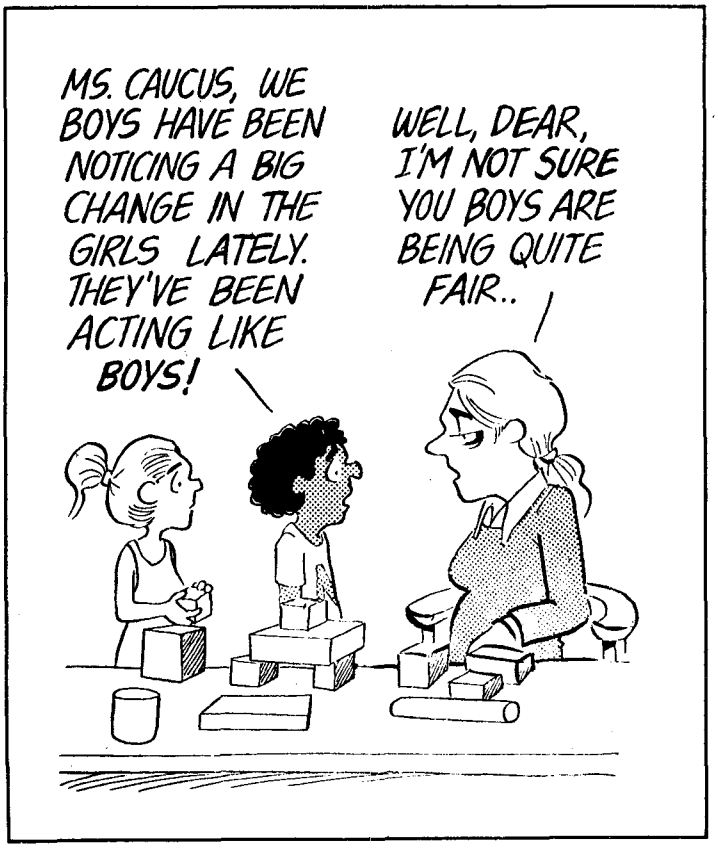
MS. CAUCUS, WE BOYS HAVE BEEN NOTICING A BIG CHANGE IN THE GIRLS LATELY. THEY'VE BEEN ACTING LIKE BOYS!
WELL, DEAR, I'M NOT SURE YOU BOYS ARE BEING QUITE FAIR..

A GREAT LADY, SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR, ONCE SAID THAT THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE— HUMAN BEINGS AND WOMEN. BUT WHEN WOMEN START ACTING LIKE HUMAN BEINGS, THEY ARE ACCUSED OF TRYING TO BE LIKE MEN.

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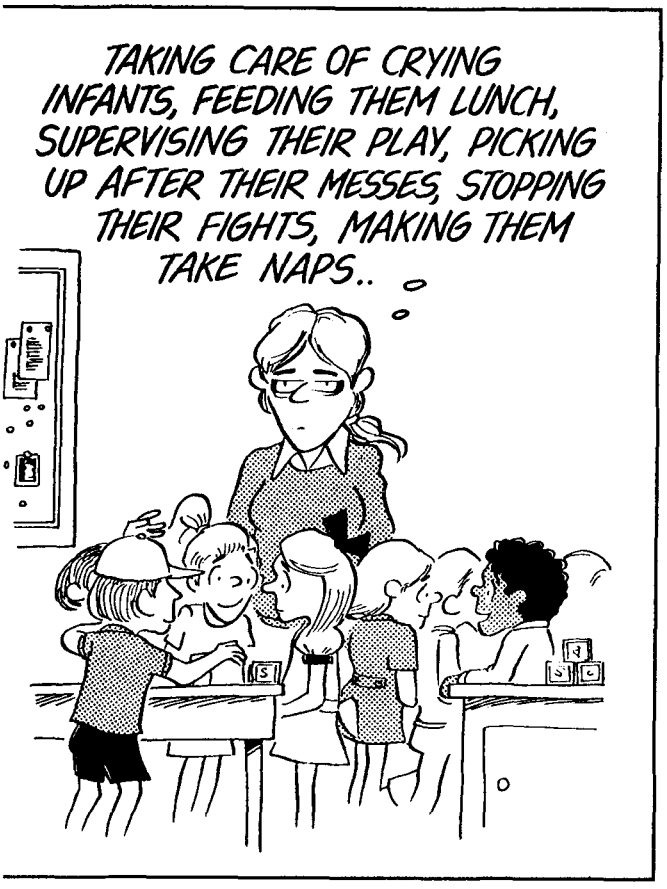
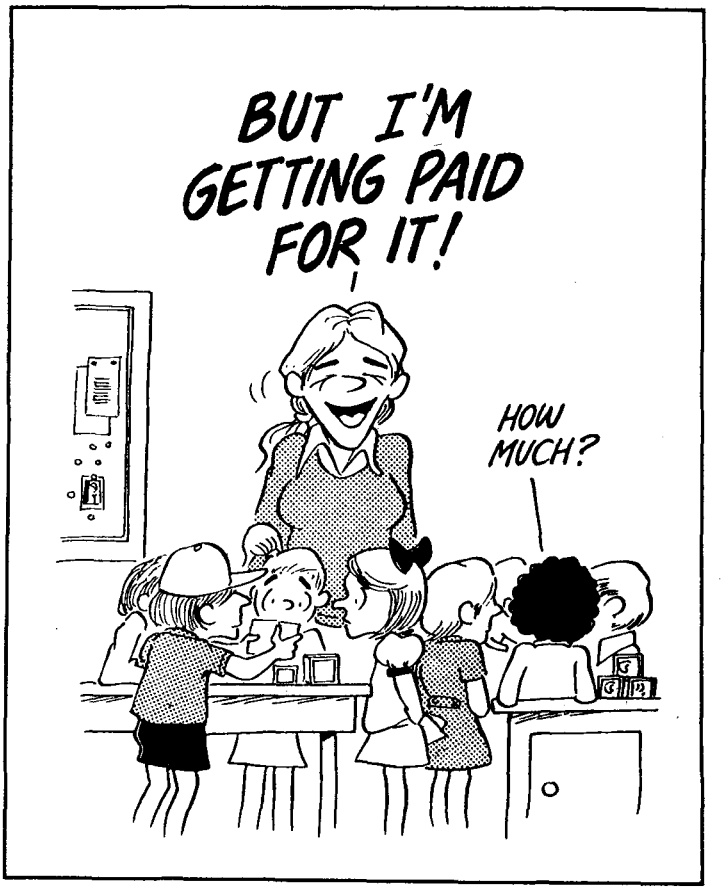

TAKING CARE OF CRYING INFANTS, FEEDING THEM LUNCH, SUPERVISING THEIR PLAY, PICKING UP AFTER THEIR MESSES, STOPPING THEIR FIGHTS, MAKING THEM TAKE NAPS..



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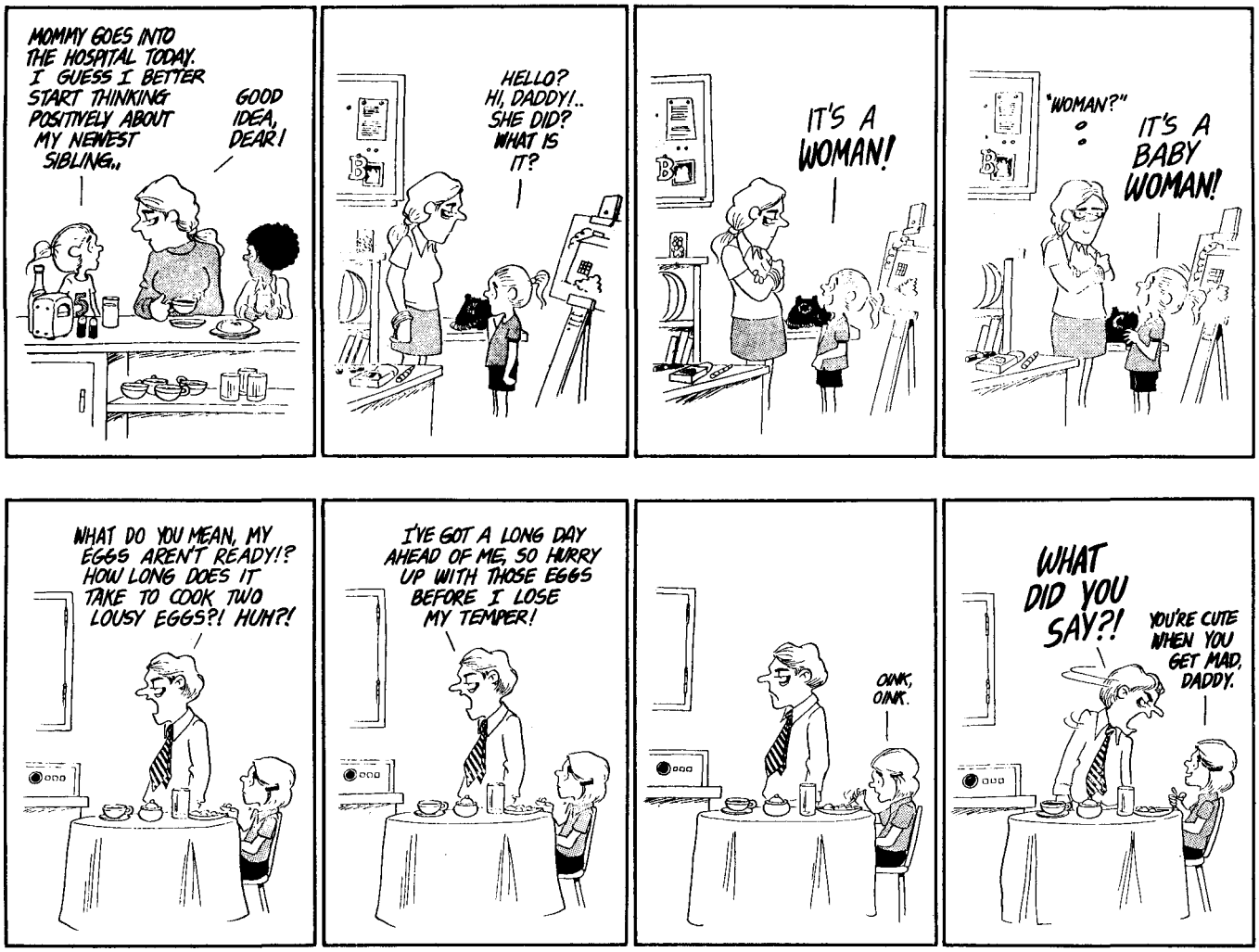
MOMMY GOES INTO THE HOSPITAL TODAY. I GUESS I BETTER START THINKING POSITIVELY ABOUT MY NEWEST SIBLING..
GOOD IDEA, DEAR!
HELLO? HI, DADDY!.. SHE DID? WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A WOMAN!
"WOMAN?"
IT'S A BABY WOMAN!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MY EGGS AREN'T READY!? HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO COOK TWO LOUSY EGGS?! HUH?!
I'VE GOT A LONG DAY AHEAD OF ME, SO HURRY UP WITH THOSE EGGS BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!
OINK, OINK.
WHAT DID YOU SAY?!
YOU'RE CUTE WHEN YOU GET MAD, DADDY.

socks, *his* socks — well, you get the picture.

In any case, the women's movement has spawned very little humor — much less any humor that amuses me. And Joanie Caucus hardly seemed a likely candidate; she was, after all, the creation of a man. Then I started reading "Doonesbury," and there was Joanie, the runaway wife, the day-care center supervisor, the law school applicant, the newly-single woman coping with passes from a hip priest with hot tickets to a Jeb Magruder concert, and I began to roar.

There is nothing more hopeless than attempting to explain why something is funny. Once, in the course of a checkered newspaper career, I had to read excerpts from a college thesis on humor by Johnny Carson; he took a series of absolutely hilarious jokes by Jack Benny and Fred Allen and rendered them utterly stultifying with his long-winded analyses of what made them work. I don't want to do that to Joanie. For one thing, I am a little in love with her. For another, I have no idea why she is funny. I just know she kills me. And I think about her all the time. It's not just that I know women like her and that I'm a little like her myself. It's not just that my friends constantly tell me stories about trying to bring the movement to their children, stories that are remarkably like the episodes in this book. It's also that there is something about what she looks like and the way she behaves—so downtrodden and yet plucky, so saggy and yet upright, so droopy-eyed and yet wide awake, so pessimistic and yet deep-down slyly sure that she's on the right track.

I don't want to take this too seriously, but she seems such a perfect, sympathetic mirror-image of all of us who are trying to make sense out of the contradictions, trying to assimilate all the new information and ideas and theories into our messy lives and minds. It's not easy, folks—and I love that Joanie makes it look so hard. It's occasionally absurd and ridiculous — and I love that she makes it look so funny. It seems to me that Trudeau provides a perfect, absolutely painless way for parents to introduce some of these ideas to their children.

—Nora Ephron

Excerpted from Joanie, Cartoons for New Children, *published by Sheed and Ward, Inc. To be published this December. Copyright © 1974 by G. B. Trudeau.*

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PARANOIA

(From page 16)

SDS was a sinister planning session for that.

I admit that on my own assumptions about clandestine activity in American politics, BI is a soft target for CIA-hunters. It was impossible even then, or especially then, to imagine that no one at the meeting was an agent, or that BI would hesitate in making the results of its meeting with SDS available to the authorities it recognizes. It was an explicit assumption of the New Leftists at the meeting that this was the case.

But in the internal SDS discussion of the BI meeting that I knew about and was part of, the BI meeting was looked at also as an event echoing a larger change then taking place—the de-presidentializing of Johnson. In March 1968, through the activities of the Clifford-Ball-Harriman group, a triumphant CFR-oriented pincer movement closed in on Johnson (*some how:* we do not know the threat) and forced him:

- To curtail the bombing of North Vietnam, against the intense disagreement of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.
- To convene the Paris peace conference.
- To abdicate as head of the party.

Then King was killed by a still unidentified conspiracy, the cities went up, then the second Kennedy was killed, the second Kennedy coalition came asunder, and all the Nixon-time madness came on with a rush: the war would not end; there would be more secret war; there would be secret bombings and invasions; there would be military spy rings formed to protect the secrecy of these bombings and invasions; the spy rings would bubble up in domestic politics; and instead of a serious national program of racial, social, economic, and political reform there would be extensive White House experiments in the establishment of a national secret political police, which only the providence of Watergate revealed and put a stop to.

In that one little moment in 1968, quickly come and gone, when it seemed that a new Kennedy administration was on the way, the BI people made their contact with SDS. That was the moment and the whole point of the meeting, and it is why the meeting was not repeated after Kennedy's death.

So what would have happend to SDS if there had been no King-Kennedy killings? As Weissman says, would I have argued for SDS to come out for Kennedy? I did not do that, but I might have done something in that direction: that is what my notoriously "bad politics" was, that I always wanted the antiwar movement to organize to its right. I don't hide from that; that's where I'm at and it's where I've been at from my first days in the movement. And the fact is that barring only RFK's unforeseeable murder in June, the national tension as of 1968 might as easily have been resolved to the left by the election of Kennedy as to the right by Nixon. In that case, SDS and the whole movement would surely have faced effects, problems and opportunities materially different from those the election of Nixon brought along. The BI-SDS meeting was a one-time discussion aimed at seeing into an aspect of that.

Even in six-year hindsight, does that seem so unnatural a "dialog"? Dialog was big then, remember? Weissman quotes a phrase from my 1968 piece to say I wanted the New Left to form "a meaningful relationship to bewildered Kennedy liberals." I'll buy that. I still say it would have been a healthier direction for SDS to move in after 1968 than the Weatherman-RYM2-PL direction, and I will not argue that this means I wanted SDS to work for RFK's election. Of course I would have welcomed Kennedy's election in 1968. Wouldn't you? Now? Looking back? That doesn't mean I identified with Kennedy politically, or that SDS could have gone over to electoral work even if it had wanted to, which it didn't. That phrase about "bewildered Kennedy liberals" was written in view of Kennedy's death, not of his campaign, which is the meaning of "bewildered."

[WINNERS AND LOSERS]

But there is more than this to the erroneous idea that the Y-C interpretation favors the East over the West. The view of Dallas generally held by conspiracy theorists is that JFK was murdered by a right-wing se-

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cret team (possibly including E. Howard Hunt) infuriated at him for betraying the Bay of Pigs invasion at the beachhead and alarmed into action by the leftwards swerve of his rhetoric in the summer of 1963 and his evident steps in October toward disengagement in Vietnam.

With all the heat the questions of Kennedy and Vietnam still generate, I can imagine no way such a reconstruction could be elaborated and defended without seeming an apology for the New Frontier and an implicit tout for Ted Kennedy. But if facts are facts, one does not have to be an apologist for the Kennedys or Kennedy politics or the eastern program to acknowledge and weigh the evidence about JFK's assassination and to see the impact it had on national policy.

At the November 1965 March on Washington, I made a speech saying that liberalism, Kennedy liberalism in particular, was responsible for the Vietnam war co-equally with right-wing national chauvinism. I still say that American liberalism is a main author of the Asian predicament of America and the Vietnam war. That stands out as all the sorrier a truth in light of liberalism's refusal to force or even take up seriously the question of Dealy Plaza and the Warren Commission cover-up—a cover-up motivated by the fear instilled in Warren that the *true* story of Dealy Plaza involved Cuban and/or Russian Communist assassins getting revenge for the Bay of Pigs, and that if the Oswald cover story did not work, the country might be catapulted into nuclear war with Russia.

But in 1965 I didn't know the evidence of Dallas and certainly nothing of what is now clear about the JCS and its spy rings and the DIA and Naval Intelligence and the CIA with their constant interference in domestic politics. Memoirs like Kenneth O'Donnell's, insider exposés like Fletcher Prouty's, and reconstructions like David Halberstam's have given us a much better picture of the internal conflicts of the Kennedy-Johnson ticket specifically on the questions of Cuba and Vietnam, the decisive issues

I am not able to dismiss as trivial the reductions of force Kennedy was able to impose on the Nixon-Hunt-5412/2 Group Cuban invasion project, a project we now believe to have been a secret from Eisenhower in its conception, and a secret from Kennedy in its execution. I grant and insist that it was Kennedy who slithered the first 16,000 Special Forces combatants into Vietnam in 1962. I only want to add that it was Kennedy who started slithering them out again in 1963, and that it was a direct result of his death and of the passage of power to Johnson, thus a direct expression of a Yankee-Cowboy transition, that the disengagement was stopped in December and the program of big war set in motion.

Johnson's story, naturally, was that he was only following JFK's orders in Vietnam, just as Nixon later, in the time of his worst bombings, would remind us with shaking jowls and heavy brow that the war was a "bipartisan war" begun by the Democrats (i.e., Yankees). The records show that by fall of 1963 Kennedy was aiming to negotiate a settlement with the National Liberation Front.

All the more reason then to say beware the liberalism whose only virtue is easy, relative innocence. Another point of the Y-C perspective, the reason for using terms like these, is to make it easier to see that it is power centers, not ideologies, that win and lose these fights. When that is understood, the powers of co-optation decline.

Meanwhile, Weissman's effort to Yankee-bait the exegists of the Kennedy-Johnson transition is only making it harder for people to understand that Watergate is a battleground of a national struggle for power—not merely a "scandal," not merely an "accident."

Carl Oglesby is the author of Containment and Change *(Macmillan) and a past president of SDS. He is now teaching at M.I.T.*

TRUE DETECTIVE

(From page 34)

ping Bernstein and Woodward's pieces from the *Post.* Lipset started by doing rudimentary gumshoe work: gathering documents and making diagrams and lists of potential witnesses; ruling out the possibility of inside help in the burglary; serving subpoenas. He earned at least a footnote in the comprehensive history of Watergate for handling the committee's first negotiations with James McCord. (McCord's attorney, assassination buff Bud Fensterwald, is an old friend of the detective's.) With Dash, he chalked out a game plan for the committee's inquiry. His role was to coordinate the teams investigating each of the three phases (the break-in, dirty tricks and Segretti, and campaign donations), while also checking out the more provocative of the anonymous tips that had begun to arrive by the bushel in the committee's offices.

After a few weeks on the job, Lipset felt sure that McCord, John Dean, and other serendipities he had helped turn up meant the hearings would be more than routine, and that attempts would be made to discredit the committee. He talked with Dash and Ervin about an old misdemeanor conviction for invasion of privacy back when he was spending much of his time recording the cacophonous sounds of extramarital intercourse. Even though such raps are about as rare among detectives as dueling scars in the Prussian officer corps, it was agreed that Lipset should resign. "Actually it worked out quite well," he says nonchalantly. "I got a little bit of glory, I got a chance to do a little something for the country, and I didn't have to sit around in Washington for six months while my business went to hell."

[FANTASIES AND DEATH]

It is Wednesday. Driving the Citroen with a younger man's abandon, Lipset winds in and out of the traffic on San Francisco's hills, where noontime driving often resembles a destruction derby. He has spent yesterday in court, as he often does, waiting his turn to testify in one of his investigations. It is a ritual he dislikes, yet maintaining a creditable courtroom personality has paid off for him and the profession. Recent court decisions have given indigent defendants the right to court-appointed investigators as well as attorneys, thereby coun-

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tering the evidence-gathering capacity of district attorneys. (Federal courts have set a maximum payment of a $300 fee and $125 in expenses, but the state of California has no maximum, and Lipset was recently awarded $18,000 to investigate the case of two black San Quentin inmates accused of killing a guard.)

Yet a day in court is a day wasted, and today Lipset is trying to catch up on backlogged work. He is heading to the Hall of Justice to look into the bizarre, early morning death of a young Japanese woman in a deserted laundromat. At first it was thought to be murder, but after a few hours' investigation the police have decided that it was a freak accident. Lipset has been retained by the victim's family to find out for sure.

After stopping at the coroner's office to ask about the autopsy report, he wanders upstairs to Homicide. Several cops greet him by name. He runs into the inspector on the case at hand. A tall man with a Haldeman cut and a bloodhound's sad pouches under his eyes, the cop begins shrugging the minute he sees Lipset. The detective asks him what's happening, and the cop shrugs a final time and says the department feels it happened this way: the woman opened the door of the clothes dryer to take out her clothes and the drum failed to stop rotating; her long hair was caught in it, smashing her skull into the top of the machine and causing the hemorrhage that killed her by the time she crawled to the door to seek help.

The inspector pulls a proof sheet of photos out of his briefcase, the smell of the fix still strong on it. They show the woman stretched out at the morgue. "Jesus, what a shame," Lipset whistles through his teeth. "She was a beautiful woman." The cop shrugs mechanically, "Yeah, a waste." He mentions that he has called in an engineering firm to do tests on the dryer in the laundromat. Lipset perks up. "Will you shoot me a copy of that report?" The cop shrugs, "Why not?" Lipset smiles and hands him a business card. "You make my work easy."

Back in the car, he heads for Jack's, one of the city's good restaurants. He hands the car over to a parking attendant and frowns suspiciously as the young man revs up the motor while backing into a stall. Sipping a glass of white wine and toying with his salad, Lipset says that he and the police have mutual respect even though they're usually on the opposite sides of a case. But the department gets even with him for his victories by sending him their psychos. "They tell the real crazy ones that their case is too hard for the police and they'd better go see Lipset. As a result, we get a lot of guys who say that dentists have put bugged fillings in their teeth; guys who claim they see a summary of their daily activities superimposed on the TV at night. It got so bad a few years ago that I went around to some psychiatrists and asked them what to do. They said to treat the symptoms, or if that's impossible, come right out and say, 'Look, I'm an investigator and the best in the business. I'll take your case for my regular fee and I'll investigate it completely, but you've got to promise that if I don't find anything, then you'll go to a reputable doctor.' I make them pick out the shrink's name in advance so there won't be any backing out later."

"But the thing is you can't try to bullshit these guys, because in their own crazy way they've really researched their thing. There was this one guy who came in a while back and said that the FBI was beaming rays at his head to control his mind. He said he had to have a copper helmet to stop them. He had all the dimensions and everything, so I went and got Bertsche and we built it for him. After we'd had a few fittings, it went right down over his shoulders like a diver's helmet. I suppose it really would have stopped the FBI if they were doing what he said they were. Anyway, he was very happy. He paid us off, and I've never heard from him since. Sometimes I get this fantasy that I'm driving down Market Street and this convertible pulls up next to me with the top down. I look over, and I see a guy sitting behind the wheel grinning at me out of this copper helmet. . . ."

[CIGAR MAKERS AND DETECTIVES]

The next day, Thursday, Lipset drives down the Peninsula on the case of a young black executive accused of assault with a deadly weapon in the shooting of his girl friend's ex-husband. The client claims he acted in self-defense even though the police found no other weapon at the scene and the victim denies having had one.

Lipset pulls into an auto polishing plant. It is in the flight path of San Francisco International and he has to yell over the whine of jet engines to get permission from the owner to interview one of the employees, a 23-year-old man who was with the victim at the time of the shooting and is likely to be the prosecution's chief witness in any trial. His name is Maurice, and as he comes out to sit in the quiet of the Citroen, he sullenly fluffs the polishing lint out of the topiary of his Afro. Lipset gets his permission to use a tape recorder and then, after testing to make sure the Sony works, asks him to tell what happened.

Maurice's story is the same as he has already given the police. He went with his friend Sonny to deliver an alimony payment to Sonny's ex-wife. The boyfriend was there; he threatened Sonny, and followed him into the street where he started shooting and wounded him in the arm.

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Lipset snaps the machine off histrionically and allows a pained look to cross his face. "Goddammit, Maurice, you know Sonny had a gun. I don't know why you're lying to me. Don't you know the penalty for perjury? God, I hope *this* isn't the story you're going to tell to the *court*. I've got six witnesses who saw the whole thing and will swear that Sonny had a gun in his hands." Maurice stares down at the floorboards, as if praying. Lipset chomps down juicily on his cigar, then asks confidentially, "Was it your gun that Sonny used, Maurice?" It is a hunch question. Lipset smiles as Maurice looks up and blurts out a quick denial, then admits that, yeah, there might have been a gun.

Over the next 15 minutes Lipset badgers him with total unconcern for the racial implications of their roles and dialogue. He is The Man, and Maurice gives three different versions of the incident, each more detailed than the last. Finally he admits–first off tape then on after Lipset assures him it will be better for him–that Sonny did have a gun, that he in fact started the shoot-out and after being wounded concocted the story of an unprovoked assault to get revenge on the boyfriend. After the admission, he becomes frightened and upset. "Oh man," he says, "that dude he got so bad a temper. When Sonny mad, he a bad nigger, I know that firsthand. Man, he find out I talkin to you, he prolly come and hit up on me. You know? Then it be me or him." Lipset shrugs avuncularly, "You could be in worse trouble, Maurice. What if Sonny had managed to kill my client with your gun? Then it would be your neck too. With friends like Sonny you don't need enemies."

On the way back to the city Lipset is immensely pleased with himself. "Now there weren't any six witnesses, you know, but goddamn it, I could tell the guy was lying. We could have let it go to trial and have an attorney break him down on the stand, but why bother? You get to where you can *sense* the truth, although I must admit it usually takes me longer to break a guy down than that. Like Sally Harmony –you remember, Gordon Liddy's secretary. I found her and first interviewed her. I could have broken through that story, too, but they wouldn't let me ask her the right questions the right way. As a result they got what they deserved–nothing. Now you *know* that broad knew a hell of a lot more than she ever told."

He pulls to a stop in front of a tiny side street store to pick up a box of handmade cigars from a small Puerto Rican man with a milky-white cataract on one eye and a wig whose cloth backing is visible at the artificial part. Chewing an unlit cigar into a damp pulp, the older man greets Lipset warmly. As they talk about business he complains about how hard it is to get good tobacco any more, not because of politics–the Mexican and Nicaraguan leaf are almost as good as the Cuban–but because small businessmen don't get their orders taken care of. As he talks, he keeps working at the cigars, stretching the final wrapper around the core of chopped filler, making it adhere with spit and then trimming it and dropping it into a cellophane wrapper. Lipset shakes his head sadly and asks why he doesn't find an apprentice who can help him and learn the business. The old man snorts, "The kids today, they just look for money. They not want to work here. Me, I begin when I'm eight years. I work all my life at just this job. I die here also. A good cigar, she is a wonder thing. No machine do this work."

Back in the car, the detective's ebullience fades momentarily as he identifies with the other craftsman. Neither of the two sons he has raised single-handedly in the last 10 years wants to follow in his footsteps. He says: "When you get to be my age, how long do you have? Ten years? Fifteen? I don't have any hang-ups about my name living on or anything like that, but after all, my wife and I worked like hell to build this business. I hate to think it might just disappear." His secretary's voice crackles way radio under the Citroen's dashboard, interrupting the reverie with information about a hit-and-run case.

["ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN"]

On Friday afternoon a handsome young woman with long shining hair comes to the office for a final check-out. Her child custody action has run into a snag. After her divorce, she took up with a man who turned her onto drugs–cocaine and weekend "chipping" with heroin. "She cleaned up her act voluntarily and left this creep," Lipset says distastefully, "because she knew that she could lose her kids and everything else because of him. Now he is threatening her that if she doesn't come back to him, he's going to testify for her husband in court that she's an addict. That's blackmail and I'm going to nail his ass good."

He has gotten the woman to arrange a meeting with the blackmailer in a nearby park. He goes out of the room for a moment as she prances nervously before the hall mirror. He returns with a small tape recorder which he checks out, snapping it smartly in the manner of a cowboy whirring the chambers of his revolver, and then ties it around the woman's waist under her loose-fitting blouse. "Now remember," he cautions before sending her off, "the idea is to get him to repeat the threat as loud and as completely as possible. For God's sake keep your voice up; that has the psychological effort of making the other guy talk loud too."

An hour later she bursts into the house, repeating hysterically, "He told me that he was going after my kids. He's going after my kids. He said he'd kill them if I didn't come back to him." Lipset puts an arm around her shoulder and growls reassuringly, "Oh, bullshit." He listens to the tape and then calls the client's attorney, telling him that they've got to move. "I've got this friend in the San Francisco Customs Bureau," Lipset says. "He's an unusual type narc and might help out. He owes me a favor. We should get him over here right away and have her tell him the whole story. Then if the boyfriend should decide to testify against her, we can subpoena my friend and have him tell the jury that she voluntarily reported the whole thing already and has repented. It

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might also be that we can nab the boyfriend for using."

By the time the friend from Customs arrives a half hour later, Lipset has coached the woman on what to say. "Now remember, this boyfriend of yours led you down the primrose path, right? He took advantage of your innocence and got you into all this heavy dope for his own weird reasons, right? Right! Play it cool, dear, and if this jerk tries to screw you up on your custody case, I guarantee he'll be one very sad blackmailer."

Later on, after clients, secretaries and assistants have cleared out and the bottom floor of the Pacific Avenue house is once again a living room until Monday morning, Lipset pours a jigger of Scotch over ice. "It's strange," he says, "but after you've done this work awhile, you feel there isn't much of anything that can ever surprise you. You feel that you've seen everything, and I mean *everything*. You get to feel that maybe you're jaded with your work and the world. But then you go to bed at night and think to yourself that when you get up the next morning and that telephone starts to ring, there's really no telling what will be on the other end. Anything, literally anything, can happen. The human combinations are almost infinite. What a job! Right?" He happily rolls an ice cube around in his mouth, then plunks it back into the glass and returns to the report he must finish before his dinner date.

It is not quite the dabbling in the human condition that fictional detectives do. When it comes down to it, in fact, Lipset is (as Raymond Chandler once said of Marlowe) just a guy paid to do other people's dirty laundry. Yet this too can be done poorly or well. If there is a way in which he is like the Spades, Marlowes and Archers, it is that his genius is less in the field of investigation than in the more difficult art of self-creation. "By the way," he says, looking myopically up from his roll-top desk, "when you get around to doing your story you might remember this other writer's description of me as a plump, balding, gentle sort of man. I've always rather liked that."

Peter Collier is a freelance writer currently living in the San Francisco Bay Area.

PORTUGAL

(From page 39)

by the creation of a new military formation, COPCON (Coordination of Continental Operations), with responsibilities for maintaining order within Portugal. The MFA also calculated that a return of troops from Guinea and Mozambique would strengthen their position.

In some areas the process of *saneamento* was given discreet official encouragement, so long as it was sponsored from above in an orderly fashion and so long as it did not encroach on the position of those who retained leverage with the junta or Council of State. For example, a special contingent of 2,000 teachers was sent to the countryside to begin a campaign against illiteracy. They quickly encountered stiff opposition in the villages from local notables and the Church, both of which have a vested interest in rural ignorance. The replacement of the Rector of Oporto University after a mass meeting of staff and students was ratified and a transformation of the content of education at every level proposed. But even in the field of education it is too early to say how far these reforms will be pushed, and it has yet to be seen how the authorities will react when the students return to the universities in the fall.

[STRIKE BREAKING]

By July it was clear that there were a large number of companies for whom low wages and fascist labor legislation were vital conditions of existence. A number of smaller Portuguese concerns were being driven towards bankruptcy, and unemployment grew by 50,000 in one month. Some of the multinational subsidiaries were determined to break the new militancy of the workers or quit Portugal. This did not usually include those subsidiaries established to supply the local market, which were prepared to absorb higher wages at their assembly plants. But Timex, which has a plant at Capanca employing several thousand grotesquely underpaid women workers, refused either to meet the workers' wage demands or to sack personnel who had colluded with the PIDE. Indeed, the Scottish managers of this Anglo-American company at first refused to talk in Portuguese to the strike committee. On May 27 the Timex workers occupied the plant.

The government has responded in different ways to these conflicts. The Timex plant is not a small one, and the company is prepared to pay at least the government's minimum wage, though not to concede other demands. In July the COPCON was sent in to restore control of the plant to the owners. But at the French-owned textile plant in Montijo an "occupation" of the factory by management was ended by a COPCON unit, the administrator arrested, and the plant nationalized. Of the different solutions, the first is by far the most common. In August and September COPCON was used against strikes with increasing frequency. In the last week of August the staff of *Jornal de Commercio* occupied the offices of the paper and produced their own edition.

COPCON moved in on August 29. In early September a strike of Portuguese airline workers was broken in the same way—the airport workers had stopped all flights except that of an incoming delegation of Chilean exiles, fleeing from the post-Allende regime. COPCON, set up as a counterweight to the PSP and GNR, has all too often ended up as their substitute or auxiliary. Since the COPCON is formed directly from military units sympathetic to the MFA it enjoys considerable public support. The government seeks to use it to handle all delicate situations.

In this respect, the role of the MFA in the government forces has been to use its popular prestige in a repressive manner: in fact to use up this prestige while Spinola and Costa Gomes take no responsibility for unpopular measures like the price rises announced in mid-August. Lacking a clear-cut political strategy, the MFA becomes the prisoner of the dictates of capitalist stabilization. Thus the government decreed a labor law which legalizes official strikes but outlaws wildcats and occupations. On August 18, Prime Minister Vasco Goncalves of the MFA went on television to announce a drastic series of austerity measures. There was no hint that the government

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would welcome mass initiatives from below challenging the remaining strongholds of the old order—instead it called for a spirit of sacrifice and appeals to preserve national unity.

The MFA has prepared a list of 400 senior army officers to be purged or retired. So far Spinola has successfully blocked this purge—partly by threatening to resign and organize a storm of opposition to the government. In the first week of September the Council of State announced that the armed forces were not answerable to the Provisional Government but only directly to President Spinola.

While the MFA's role in the government undermines its position, the Communist and Socialist Parties are persuaded that they gain more than they lose from their own participation. The Socialist Party is only three years old and has been largely created in exile. Its members feel quite free to denounce government policies if they are unpopular and much of its rhetoric is to the left of the Communist Party. Party organization on the ground has attracted both honest militants and careerists looking forward to dipping their hands into the pork barrel.

Although the Socialist Party could make a respectable showing if there were elections, the Communist Party is a much more formidable organization. It emerged from 48 clandestine years as the country's only properly organized political party on a national scale. It has strong support in the working class districts around Lisbon, Setubal, and Oporto. It has had success in organizing the agricultural workers in the south where land seizures are likely in the near future. Popular knowledge of the ordeals of the party during the clandestine period and the saga of its long struggle against the fascist regime earn it widespread respect. However, despite its great resilience, repression certainly took a cruel toll: on April 25 nearly every member of the Central Committee was either in jail or in exile, and party membership was about 5,000.

April 25 was greeted by the party leadership as a miraculous deliverance. The posts it was offered in the government were eagerly accepted. In the period of the first Provisional Government the party went to extraordinary lengths to placate all sections of the military, combating any sign of popular unrest. Strikes and occupations were denounced as "maneuvers" by those interested in counterrevolution and the return of fascism. Although this position has since been modified, in late May the Communist Minister of Labor went so far as to organize a mass rally directed against all strikes on principle.

[OPTIONS AND STRATEGIES]

In my own view, the Communist Party's role in the government is a consistent expression of a misconceived political strategy. It strongly maintains that the present democratic stage of the Portuguese revolution is quite distinct from the socialist stage, and it postpones the latter to the future. The fatal flaw in this strategy is that it fails to see that the structures of fascism will not be uprooted in Portugal without struggle from below. The junta, the PSP and the GNR cannot be conjured away by intrigue or maneuver in the corridors of government—they must be shaken and shattered by the untrammeled assertion of popular sovereignty.

The liberation movements have given a signal lesson in this matter. Their 14 years of struggle were the prime cause of the collapse of the Caetano regime on April 25. But the lesson does not end there. Despite the new government's proclamation of the need for decolonization, the liberation movements continued to fight until this was embodied in definite agreements. In this way they foiled the demagogic proposals floated by Spinola for a cease-fire to be followed by a referendum to determine the future of the colonies.

Until now the energy for transforming the political structure in Portugal has largely come from the African liberation movements. In the future this energy must come from within Portugal itself. The Communist Party certainly wants to dismantle the surviving structures of fascism, but it is frightened by the uninhibited mass struggle that could alone accomplish this task. The party sets great store by its opportunity to take part in the official process of *saneamento* both in the trade unions and in local administration. Party spokesmen insist that these

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are just temporary arrangements, pending an orderly system of elections. They do not see that a direct and perhaps "disorderly" democratic intervention is needed to smash the old structures.

Despite its strength the Communist Party is not strong enough to suppress or control the spontaneous class struggle, even though it can often deflect or disorient it. In a backhanded recognition of this fact the party began in August to distance itself somewhat from some government acts and policies. The party deplored the shooting in the Rossio and has criticized the new labor law. The party's weekly paper, *Avante,* now gives cautious encouragement to some industrial struggles. However this betokens no fundamental revision of its strategy.

The existence of groups to the left of the Communist Party undermines its ability to tame and domesticate the class struggle. The party is even occasionally outflanked by the Democratic Movement (MDP/CDE) which until recently it dominated completely; the demonstrator shot in the Rossio was a member of the CDE, and in some areas the CDE has vigorously promoted a *saneamento* from below. The most important group to the left of the CP is probably the MES, the left socialist movement; at its *comicio* in Lisbon in August it attracted 5,000 people, and it has some strength among textile and engineering workers, as well as in the armed forces. There are five Maoist groups, of which the largest is probably the MRPP with some 500 members.

There are two groups which emerge from the experience of armed actions against the Caetano regime: the LUAR, a semi-anarchist grouping led by the legendary urban guerrilla, Inacio Palma; and the *Brigadas Revolucionarias,* which claims to combine the teachings of Rosa Luxemburg, Trotsky, and Mao. The *brigadas* have a well-produced weekly paper, *Revolucao,* which sells 50,000 copies. All these groups have agitated for immediate independence for the colonies. Their other main focus has been industrial struggles. Though MES is more ambitious, the other groups rarely intervene in the process of *saneamento* outside the factory, regarding this as the property of the government parties. They display little interest in the movement for transforming education or the movement for reforming the divorce law.

On the industrial front, the far Left urges the need for elected strike committees and other advanced methods of struggle. The organization of a permanent trade union structure is largely left to the *Intersindical.* Since most of these organizations are small, a certain concentration of effort is quite understandable. But one of the smallest far Left groups, the Trotskyist LCI (Protuguese section of the Fourth International), has vigorously taken up the need for elections to a constituent assembly and democratization based on class struggle. There is, in fact, a tendency on the far Left to be allergic to any calls for elections or democracy since this is felt to be a bourgeois trap. This allergy is most definitely not shared by the mass of Portuguese, including most Portuguese workers. Although the Communist Party's strategy for democratization is utterly misconceived, its emphasis on this question certainly helps it to retain its mass support.

[CONFLICT AND DIVISION]

Portugal now has a governmental structure shaken by conflict and division. The colonial question has yet to be definitively resolved. The weakness of the liberation movement in Angola will greatly tempt the Portuguese colonial interests to hold on to this rich prize through some neocolonial device. Portugal's balance of payments is still subsidized by Angolan gold and by Angolan workers in South Africa; this gold is paid over directly to the Portuguese government while the Angola workers are issued Portuguese notes. The Portuguese government may not be prepared to face the painful withdrawal pangs which a *genuine* decolonization would produce. During the white settler revolt in Mozambique, Spinola expressed hostility towards the decolonization policy —neocolonialism will not lack a champion. But this is also the one issue on which the MFA has always been intransigent. Moreover, the MFA leadership faces strong pressure from its base on the overriding necessity for a full decolonization.

In Portugal itself the popular explosion detonated on April 25 by the forces of reaction has given a most disturbing preview of their own funeral. They will certainly rally around Spinola or any other credible candidate for the role of savior of the nation. The Communist Party hopes to appease the military establishment and consolidate its links with the MFA by promoting class peace and class cooperation. The party leadership hopes that eventually the MFA will be strong enough to displace the forces around Spinola. Party officials like to talk of a "Peruvian road," by which they mean a stable alliance between the military and "progressive forces." But there is every reason to believe that the Communist Party is too strong in relation to other political parties, and too weak in relation to the mass movement, to make any long-run Peruvian solution viable.

Volkhart Müller/Liaison

Bank of Angola in Lisbon

The strength of the Communist Party in relation to all other political parties would put it in a most embarrassing position if elections are held in March—it could get between a third and a half of the vote. Together with the Socialist Party it would certainly get a majority. An electoral victory of the working class party would inevitably arouse popular expectations, as did the election of President Allende in Chile. No doubt the Communist Party would unswervingly pursue its ambitions to become the main pillar of the democratic capitalist order. But it is yet to be proved that any ruling class is prepared to run the risk of a long-term alliance with the Communist Party as its major political prop.

Portugal this winter faces major economic crisis, with mounting un-

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Henri Bureau/Sygma

Return of exiled Socialist leader Mario Soarez

employment and a doubling of the inflation rate. There will be further strike waves, and any company facing bankruptcy will be threatened by immediate occupation. Portuguese workers are beginning to learn the necessity of the solidarity strike: the whole of the Portuguese press was brought to a halt following the suppression of the *Jornal de Commercio* in early September. Representatives of workers in the multinational companies have already held one meeting to coordinate their plans, and further meetings have been scheduled. So far most class struggle has been concentrated in the towns, which now account for two-thirds of the population. But it is likely that strikes and land seizures will soon erupt in the countryside, especially in the south.

Dual command structures inside the armed forces are as unstable as the economic prospect. If the MFA leadership does not act against the military hierarchy, then the rank-and-file could itself revolt. The escalation of the official campaign against the postal workers strongly suggests that the real threat was the dangerous example of insubordination within the government structure. The army chain of command has been dangerously weakened, but so far soldiers have obeyed their officers. There is a layer of younger officers whose radicalization goes beyond that of the original program of the MFA—and even that original program is yet to be completed.

Indeed, as I have argued, even the apparently modest goal of democratization will not be achieved so long as it is divorced from class struggles in the widest sense. The struggles at the point of production are of decisive importance because that is where class organization is forged. But even factory occupations of the most advanced type are not enough to deliver real power to the workers—as those who work for the multinationals have already discovered. Without an uncompromising assertion of workers' power within and through the whole process of *saneamento,* the remaining strongholds of the old order are unlikely to be destroyed, and the Portuguese government will consolidate itself as an agent of neocolonialism in Angola and of capitalist austerity and repression in Portugal itself.

But, having tasted the first fruits of liberation, the Portuguese masses will not be easily reconciled to such a prospect, nor to a program of national salvation sponsored by the monacled caudillo in the Presidential Palace. April 25 began amidst military conspiracy, but it has released popular struggles and aspirations which no military conspiracy will easily contain.

Robin Blackburn is an editor of England's New Left Review.

CALIFORNIA ELECTIONS

(From page 29)

The quickly - built mass - produced suburbs which once seemed so delightful got old fast, too. The kids hated them and were bored, and turned to booze, dope, and sex. In Los Angeles county there is a divorce granted for every marriage license issued. Anyone who has experienced divorce at all knows that a place where that is happening is a heaving cauldron of private miseries.

The consumption game was exhausting and expensive and interminable. All of the accumulated *public* ills people thought they had left behind came crowding in on the Californians, too. Smog, congestion, urban blight, racial tension, trouble in the schools, rising taxes and falling quality of services, crime, juvenile delinquency, remote and inattentive governments. Above all, meaningless work, empty lives, the dissolution of family and community, loneliness—the curses of modernity—made a mockery of the California dream. And the Californians could not even conceive of their misery as amenable to political or public redress. They did not have the political institutions, the means and skills in joining with their fellow citizens to define the common plight and together to devise common goals. Such acts by themselves might have restored meaning to some lives, but people did not know how and could get no help at all from the institutions of the normal or established political order. They could not take the steps that would affect and alter the conditions of their lives; they were powerless in their awakening.

The social movement of the Sixties was in many respects a prolonged and intense spasm of protest against just such meaninglessness and powerlessness. This is no place for an extended discussion of that movement. It is surely over. As political theorists Sheldon Wolin and John Schaar, among others, have reminded us, it had greater and more permanent impact than its critics and even some of its former participants may realize. But it also helped to bring on Reagan and Nixon. And it was rent by a fatal contradiction. The movement sought to define collective goals and to develop collective means.

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But too often the principal value turned out to be personal liberation, personal liberty, the right of everyone to "do his own thing," the right to isolation. It is difficult to see how a public consciousness can be created out of such private stuff. It was liberal individualism dressed up in radical slogans. Even the minimal cohesion necessary for effective political action could not flourish with such values. The pathos of all of this is perhaps best expressed by the terrible funeral pyre of the mad young people of the SLA. They gave the world an example of youths willing to die for a cause. But they could never conceive of, or articulate their vision as more than, an extension of their own hungry and inflamed egos.

The Californians, like their fellow citizens elsewhere, hated the movement from afar. They could not hear its message. They treated it the way Nixon supporters treat the media bearing news of Watergate; they wanted to punish the movement for reminding them of the meaninglessness and powerlessness of their own lives. When the Californian looked at the movement he saw only angry, cursing, and threatening blacks. He saw angry, cursing, unkempt, and ungrateful students. He saw loafers, hippies, dope freaks, and sex fiends, cowards, slackers, draft dodgers, promiscuous welfare mothers, and chiselers looking for handouts. All of them bitterly ridiculed and loathed the values the ordinary adult American had always lived by. And the movement made the terrible mistake of treating the powerless as though they were the enemy. It was easy for Ronald Reagan, running for governor in 1966, to convince millions of Californians, including a whole lot of nominal Democrats, that the blacks and hippies, and angry students, and war protesers, and people on welfare, were the *cause* of the deep discontents felt by all in California. Reaganism was first of all, a refusal to face reality and secondly, an angry demand for punishment of those most deeply hurt by, or estranged from, that reality.

Reaganism also had an economic program, of sorts. Reagan's own socio-economic views are a crude compound of some Twenties-style industrial reaction put together for him by flacks in the public relations department of General Electric. It was best expressed in the famous "speech" he used to give to select audiences of industrialists and Republican fatcats back in the days when he was "host" of the television program, "GE Theater." Translated, it meant freedom for the corporations, agribusiness, and the developers to have their way in the state. But, as noted above, the full translation into policy could not be made even though Reagan and his corporation-land backers gave it a hard try.

[ANTI-POLITICS]

Reagan was not the first "media star" of California politics but he is the most spectacular so far. California is particularly vulnerable to the meteoric super-star in politics. Nearly a century ago, Lord Bryce, a celebrated British observer of American life, thought that California politics were "unique" because of the feeble or nonexistent role of political parties. This absence of parties, he thought, made the political landscape almost featureless, fluid and shifting, swelling and subsiding with each great swoop of public opinion. Public opinion, in turn, without parties to inform it, channel it, give it continuity through time and from issue to issue, was itself volatile and erratic, and this characteristic, thought Bryce, stamped itself on California politics as it did in no other part of the country. The voters don't pay much attention to what parties do or say; and even if they wanted to pay attention, the parties just don't do or say very much that is worth attending to. The voters of California have learned to do without parties. They focus more on the images of candidates. That means media, and media spells money. Successful candidates owe little to their party, much to the contributors to their campaigns.

Some qualification is required here. The parties do exist as organizations and 90 percent of the voters in the state are registered in the two major one. As elsewhere, party affiliation is one important indicator of the direction of the individual vote in California. But it is not a reliable indicator in statewide and national races, not even always in congressional and state legislative campaigns. Right now there are about 5.3 million registered Democrats and about 3.8 million Republicans. The ratio has shifted slightly in the Democrats' favor recently, but that is the rough proportion of declared party affiliation that has existed for some time. Obviously, the Democrats should win all of the elections and equally obviously they don't.

The real middle of the California electorate lies in half a million to a million Democrats who wear their partisanship very lightly. Reagan, for example, won by more than a million votes in 1966 running against the competent, liberal Democrat Pat Brown. To put it another way, a legislative or congressional district is considered "safe Republican" if it has even a bare majority of registered Republicans. But to be "safe Democratic" a district must have a 60 percent or higher Democratic plurality. Republicans turn out to vote more than Democrats do and they hold more firmly to the party than the Democrats.

It is out of this deep minority status of the GOP and the weak partisanship of the Democrats that the media-image campaign style developed. It is not an accident that it first appeared and was refined in California. It is not accidental that the most famous of the political hired guns, Whitaker and Baxter, and Spencer-Roberts, specialize in selling GOP candidates. None of this is changing in California. In fact, the electorate grows even more fragmented and volatile; the parties grow weaker and less significant. The voters like to say that they prefer things that way, that it gives them a chance "to vote for the man and not the party." But all it gives them a chance to do is vote for a media-created image rather than for a man—much less for a party or a program or a coherent set of principles.

What all of this means is that California remains susceptible to something like Reaganism. The combination of accumulated social grievances, curdled expectations among a deeply narcissistic people, and a formless politics is still there. It is not at all clear that a return to the liberal politics of the Warren-Brown era would do anything about that combustible mixture.

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[BACKING FLOURNOY]

Flournoy is more clearly the candidate of restoration than Brown, though at a superficial glance it would seem to be the other way around. As a Republican, Flournoy is no doubt viewed as Reagan's heir. Reagan's big-money supporters decided nearly a year ago that they would be stuck with Flournoy as their candidate owing to the fatal Watergate troubles of the natural heir apparent, Lt. Governor Ed Reinecke, a likeable, personable, not very bright GOP right winger. Though Flournoy badly trailed Reinecke, as well as other possible contenders, in the polls, and was not a well-known political figure despite his many years in public office, they decided to back him instead of taking the chance on Reinecke's clearing himself of the Watergate charges, for which, of course, he was subsequently indicted and convicted.

Flournoy was not at all popular with the Republican right wing, a far more powerful element in the GOP than the left wing in the Democratic Party. Flournoy is a moderate. He has had a very low profile. He does not and never has come on fulminating and foaming against "crime," hippies, welfare-chiselers, big spenders, student protesters, and the other familiar targets. As a Republican and as a member of the Reagan administration he has not wavered in his loyalty to business interests. As a liberal or moderate Republican, he can acknowledge that there are problems of social justice in the society to which the state ought to pay some attention and initiate some remedial measures, though, of course, these ought not to cost too much nor tread too heavily on the rights of property owners, especially the big ones. As governor, Flournoy would seek bridges to organized labor, and, no doubt, also to some of the more oppressed groups in the society. At least he would not scorn and vilify them in the Reagan manner. Even if Flournoy won the gubernatorial election, he would have to work with a legislature still dominated by Democrats and led by liberal Democrats with ties to labor, the blacks, chicanos, and other reform forces. The legislature would push Flournoy toward liberal programs and he probably is pushable. As noted above, many liberal Democrats in the legislature will confide to an inquiring reporter that they might work more readily with Flournoy than with the feared Brown.

Flournoy's whole campaign is geared to winning over that large moveable feast of registered Democrats who will vote for a Republican if they like his image. Flournoy is a handsome and superbly educated man. He was a professor of government at prestigious Claremont Colleges. His Ph.D. was from Princeton, his B.A. from Cornell and his whole style is "eastern, Ivy League, liberal, establishment Republican," as the right wingers like to put it. His campaign strategy emphasizes his long experience in state government and stresses heavily that he is not doctrinaire, that he is "pragmatic" and a "problem-solver," that his forte is working with like-minded people of either party. Flournoy and his people would recoil in horror from the term but he offers himself as a "pro," as an insider. At the same time Flournoy's campaign seeks to paint Brown as a callow (Brown is 36 years old), erratic novice, the prospect of whose governorship is frightening to knowledgeable people in both parties. Issues are never discussed in such a campaign, only the personalities, or images, of the candidates—Flournoy, steady, expert, experienced; Brown, youthful, inexperienced, unpredictable. In Flournoy's case, the image is not too far from the reality and, of course, the voters would never be invited to look closely at the relationship between Flournoy and the Reagan backers from corporation land.

There are two serious drawbacks to this tack. First of all, Flournoy spent years balancing his moderate Republicanism against the need for the good graces of his party's powerful right wing and the goodwill of his governor. This has kept him almost invisible to the people at large. His pragmatic, problem-solving, "nice-guy" image projection is not going to be sufficiently exciting to overcome this. Razzle-dazzle always goes better in a media image campaign. In the second place, if a reporter's soundings in the precincts mean anything, this Watergate year is no time to be emphasizing one's long experience in politics, no time to be painting one's opponent as a newcomer or outsider. In the precincts, the revulsion against politics and politicians was direct and explosive. Apart from his familiar and respected name, Brown's status as the outsider may be the strongest thing he has going for him. It looks as though Flournoy is playing directly to Brown's strength. It is a bad year for Republicans anyway. Flournoy is an intelligent, able, decent, and likeable man. He looks gubernatorial and would look presidential if he won this year. But any lingering chance he may have had was severely damaged by Ford's perverse and willful pardoning of Nixon.

["BROWN JUNIOR"]

Almost everybody seems to underrate Brown. In the primary his "heavyweight" Democratic opponents sneered at him, called him "Brown Junior," and gleefully repeated the wisecrack that even if they couldn't meet every voter personally, they wished, at least, that "Brown Junior" could. Yet he was a big winner in that field. To a reporter prowling the halls of the capitol, liberal legislators expressed an uneasy caution about the prospect of a Brown governorship. Lobbyists consistently expressed an astonishing fear and detestation toward him. The press, including the liberal newspapers, is cool toward him. A reporter ringing doorbells in lower middle-income precincts found no great enthusiasm for Brown. Labor endorsed him, with some internal opposition, only after he had won the Democratic nomination. Yet a study of the primary election returns shows that Brown led all of his rivals in all sections and demographic groupings in the state except for strong labor precincts in Mayor Joe Alioto's San Francisco. In late August the Field Poll, California's most respected opinion survey, showed Brown leading Flournoy by 18 percentage points, more than enough to overcome all of the "undecideds."

Few people can know very much about Brown from the campaign that he is waging. The classical front-runner's strategy—play it cool, don't make mistakes, don't give anyone very much to shoot at, keep the "reformer" image alive but don't spell out many

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reforms—is not designed to inform or enlighten them. Brown does not *look* as gubernatorial as Flournoy does. He is a slender, boyish-looking bachelor of 36. In private conversation he is diffident, ironic, strangely aloof. His dress and hair might be called "stylish-straight," or "Kennedy-hip." He doesn't drink and there are only vile Republican rumors to suggest that he is no stranger to marijuana. The ebullient, arm-across-the-shoulder, bear-hug-for-the-men, warm-kisses-for-the-women style of campaign is unthinkable for him. When he does make one of his few concessions to the conventional political campaigner's style, a self-mocking smile seems to pull at the corners of his mouth. A reporter who has observed him closely feels wonderment when he views Brown on television with forelock dangling, hand in a hip pocket, jabbing with a forefinger in a familiar way, and saying, "I say that's not good enough. I think we can do better." Everything but the broad Boston "A." Again, there is a kind of amazement when Brown, after trading with a reporter several half-joking references to obscure points of medieval theology and church history, walks into an AFL-CIO convention hall and delivers a pretty good Harry Truman on-the-stump of Hooverism, Big Business, breadlines, wage slavery and GOP union-busting plutocracy. Yes, there is an elusive or enigmatic quality to Brown's personality. That may help account for the hostility and skepticism toward him from politicians.

Partly because he spent his early manhood studying for the Catholic priesthood, Brown did not become interested in politics until the early Sixties. That makes him a member of a rather special generation, one whose political consciousness and memory was formed out of the assassinations, Vietnam, the black struggle, the campus revolts, and repression. When he was at Yale Law School, Brown went south during his summers to work in the civil rights struggle. He was an early and energetic McCarthy worker in 1968. He was solid with Chavez and the Farm Workers Union long before that became *de rigeur* for liberal Democratic politicians. Flournoy's campaign literature sneers at this Brown "background" and pointedly states that while Brown was doing these things Flournoy was serving in the state legislature and as controller. But a reporter wonders why civil rights marches, working for McCarthy, and for the farm workers is not "political experience" as much as is holding office and keeping a low profile.

Brown's reform image does not stem, however, from his Sixties activities so much as from his service as secretary of state, ordinarily about the least visible of all California elective jobs. But Brown used the office as a basis for leadership in the movement for major reform of political financing and lobby regulation laws. He was the only major candidate of either party to support Proposition Nine, an omnibus political money reform initiative passed overwhelmingly by the voters this year, and his leadership in the campaign for the initiative cost him the support of labor and just about any other organized lobby group in the state.

Brown has also been vocal on environmental issues and willing to embrace something akin to a "no-growth" line in order to support these concerns. Again, he risks the loss of support of labor and other groups who cannot live with a "no-growth" position. In coming out against any new dam construction on the controversial Stanislaus River project, for example, Brown again finds himself in conflict with labor and all of the other groups committed to big water projects. Flournoy supports the new dam and probably picks up a few votes thereby.

To a reporter, Brown and his people will insist that these are not just isolated examples. Brown, they insist, really has freed himself from the liberal, conventional wisdom of the past 40 years and is committed to deep-seated social and economic change for California. But is it hard to see how he intends to go about achieving that. It cannot be done within the framework of conventional log-rolling legislative tactics. If California is to move on the job of producing economic and social justice, and simultaneously making the environment liveable and the quality of life more human and more meaningful, vast changes will have to occur in the ordinary behavior and outlook of the people. There will have to be serious curbs on what is seen as individual freedom to go on doing just about what one wants. Property rights, especially big property rights, will have to be drastically circumscribed. Vast and powerful interests will have to be tamed. All of that requires leadership and something like a genuine social movement.

But Brown is not offering such leadership. He does not use the campaign to educate the electorate. He apparently has no plans for strengthening his party and trying to use it as an instrument of both leadership and government. Already he seems worried about his relations with the legislature and has begun to make soothing gestures toward them. He is playing politics as usual, perhaps, because he is so clearly the front-runner in this race. But California politics as usual cannot carry the state toward the far reaching reform changes Brown says he wants. The best that politics-as-usual can do is restore the rule of the liberals. For most people, after eight years of Reaganism with all its savage emptiness, that kind of liberal restoration just isn't going to be enough.

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AMNESTY

(From page 26)

Post that once the discharge is issued, the Pentagon can do nothing about it; Justice Department spokesman John Russell said that they couldn't do anything about it either.

The difference here is between an undesirable discharge and the new discharge the deserter would get after the alternate service. For one thing, a lot of jobs are closed to the holder of an undesirable discharge, including government work.

An Associated Press story says that after a deserter completes his alternate service, he'll get "a new clemency discharge in place of the undesirable discharge." The story adds that "his discharge carries no code identifying him as a deserter"—but if it's really a "new clemency discharge," who else would have one? I was unable to reach anyone

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DONUT DELITE
COFFEE · MUFFINS SANDWICHES
UNIVERSAL UNCONDITIONAL AMNESTY
VVAW/WSO
UNIVERSAL UNCONDITIONAL AMNESTY FOR ALL WAR RESISTERS
UNIVERSAL UNCONDITIONAL AMNESTY FOR ALL WAR RESISTERS
Shalmon Bernstein

Vietnam Veterans Against the War demonstrate for unconditional amnesty in New York City.

who could tell me definitely whether there will actually be a new form of discharge, though that question may have been straightened out by the time you read this. In any case, the Veterans Administration, you may be sure, will have the whole story in its computers.

Aside from loopholes, the Ford Plan is full of dangers for the unwary. One of them is that the statement you will be asked to sign includes the phrase, "As an acknowledgement of my allegiance to the United States of America, I agree to . . ."

A lot of expatriates in Canada have achieved landed immigrant status, the first stage in a five-year process leading to Canadian citizenship. Others have been there long enough to attain citizenship itself. While most of these expatriates clearly intend to remain in Canada, many would certainly like to have the American record cleaned up, if only so they could visit. Some might even be willing to spend some alternate-service time in order to achieve that. But any among them who has such a thought had best spend a good deal of time with a competent Canadian attorney, talking about the effect on their status in Canada of what looks very much like an oath of allegiance to the United States.

On the American side of the law, there are some Supreme Court rulings going back to the Civil War that cast dubiety, at least, on the idea of a "test oath." There is not unanimity among lawyers on how these old decisions might apply to the alternate service agreements, but you can bet that somebody will be in court about it pretty soon.

There's more for expatriates. According to at least one attorney, *if* you have attained Canadian citizenship after leaving the United States in order to avoid military service, then *you can never come back at all* under present American law—Ford Plan or no Ford Plan (the same would be true of citizenship in Sweden or in any other country). After the fuss dies down, of course, you could probably come in all right—but never legally, and always subject to being turned back at the border if someone is alert enough.

Attorneys, almost by definition, are concerned with the individual case. Even so socially conscious an attorney as Michael Tigar, of California and Washington, D.C., scorns the Ford Plan as, at best, a politically motivated blur designed to hide the facts. Those facts are that an enormous number of resister cases—at least cases of draft evasion—are being cleared without any requirement for "atonement" or admission of wrongdoing on the part of a principled resister. Although he did not offer specific advice when interviewed, I got the impression from Tigar's description of legal activity going on all over America that it might be well for a resister to hang in there for a while. Strange things are happening that aren't getting into the papers.

A great many indictments were returned by grand juries who never saw the files on the defendants; those indictments are being thrown out of court and the charges dismissed. Other courts are throwing out cases in which presentation to a grand jury has been "unduly delayed." Some have thrown out cases because of the inability of prosecutors to produce a defendant at the time of indictment, while at the same time no fugitive warrant has been issued. I have mentioned the case of Doug Griffin, who wasn't indicted within a proper time limit.

Tom Walker of the San Francisco Bay Area is a married Vancouver landed immigrant with two daughters born in Canada. In July 1974 he found that back in 1967 he had received his notice of appeal too late. No court action by Walker was necessary; his attorney simply told the U.S. Attorney, who got the indictment thrown out. The Walkers are staying in Canada, but Tom has come down to visit his family.

Federal judges appear to be more anxious to clear their dockets than to worry about alternate-service proposals. As this article was being written, Federal Judge Jack P. Weinstein, in the Eastern District of New York (Brooklyn and Long Island), was holding a hearing *on his own initiative* to decide whether he has the power to appoint counsel for all absent defendants, the intent being to dismiss all the cases and clear the docket. If it works and other judges follow suit, a lot of expatriate draft evaders can come down for a visit any time they like.

As a matter of interesting fact, all over America, right now, whenever attorneys turn up to raise technical questions about draft-evasion indictments, U.S. Attorneys themselves are moving to dismiss if there's anything to the defense argument at all. Like the judges, they'd like to clear their records, and most of them aren't at all interested in jailing draft evaders.

Two warning notes, however: First, most of what is said above about federal judges and U.S. Attorneys applies to cases of draft evasion, not to cases of desertion covered by military justice (whatever that may be). Second and most important, do not, anybody, act on the basis of anything you read herein without competent and thorough legal advice. One misunderstood word—misunderstood by you or by me—and all kinds of shit can come down.

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The lawyers in the Justice Department in Washington, of course, know all about what is happening in courts around the country, and they are not idiots. Their job at this point is to make it look as though the Ford Plan is "fair" and really offers something to the draft evader; but they know that a lot of evaders are getting off easier, and they know why. *If* you are a resister who decided to "come in" under the Ford Plan, you will be required to sign a statement that begins:

"I,_____, understand that the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides that in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy trial. I understand that the Fifth Amendment prohibits double jeopardy for the same offense. I understand that Rule 58(b) of the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure provides that the Court may dismiss an indictment, information, or complaint for unnecessary delay, in presenting a charge to the grand jury, filing an information or in bringing a defendant to trial. I understand that constitutional due process may require dismissal of an indictment that has been unfairly delayed."

Then, having admitted that you understand all the things that might get you off completely, you go ahead and agree to alternate service. Later, just to be sure, the agreement reads:

"I also knowingly and voluntarily agree to waive the constitutional right against double jeopardy and the right to use any delay during the period of my alternate service to establish a defense based upon Rule 48(b) of the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure, the constitutional right to due process or a speedy trial, and the statute of limitations in a prosecution initiated because of my violation of this agreement."

Sign the agreement, and you have waived virtually all your standard constitutional rights as a defendant, including anything that might be called a "right to due process." I think it still leaves you the right to make one phone call.

It certainly means that if you are prosecuted because you have not completed your alternate service as agreed (or because somebody says that you haven't), you have waived all your constitutional rights in defending against such a prosecution. It appears to mean also that you waive those rights with regard to your original indictment, the instant you sign the agreement.

Mr. Saxbe does seem to be making some effort to play fair. In the letter (also drafted in Washington) designed to be sent to possible offenders, the resister is specifically warned that the program requires a waiver of constitutional rights, and the letter twice suggests very strongly an immediate consultation with an attorney.

Among other things, the letter says that you must waive your "right to have an indictment presented to the grand jury, if one has not already been obtained, within the prescribed statute of limitations." The phrase, *if one has not already been obtained,* seems to make it pretty clear that if you sign, you're waiving your rights on the original charge as well as on any possible prosecution for violating the agreement itself. At least, the Justice Department thinks you are.

The point of all this rather careful examination of detail is simple. The waiver clauses include most of the reasons that federal judges have been using in recent months to throw out draft evasion cases, including old ones. Your chances as a draft evader of eventually coming out from under that legal cloud are already pretty good—without any governmental publicity stunts and without your being asked to renounce your principled antiwar position—and are getting better all the time. But your chances depend on precisely the protections the Ford Plan agreement forces you to surrender.

A bad clemency plan is a hell of a lot better than a war in Vietnam, but the Ford Plan is not exactly what somebody once called "a new birth of freedom." For those resister expatriates who have found some measure of freedom in the north, even if at first they sought only escape and sanctuary, there is nothing in the plan to indicate that a Grand Rapids Republican hack has managed to reverse the direction of the Big Dipper.

Gene Marine is author of America the Raped *(Avon) and* A Male Guide to Women's Liberation *(Holt).*

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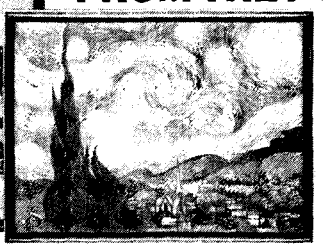

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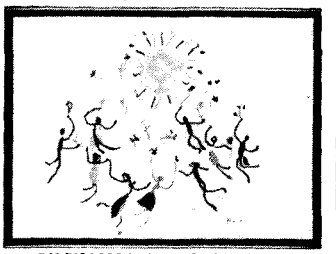

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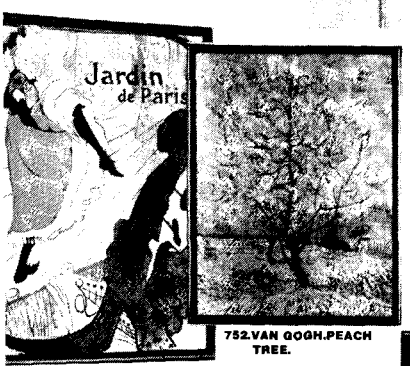

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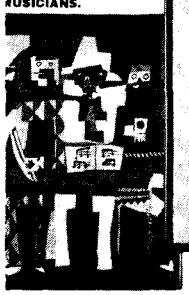

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